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MERCURY

LABOR MUST CLEAN HOUSE OR CRASH!

By VICTOR RIESEL

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**Soviets In Our Back Yard**  
**he Gabors—Glamour's Their Racket**  
**3X, The Man Behind The Gun**  
**Lesson For Millionaire "Angels"**  
**How TV Molds Your Mind**  
**Easter In The Austrian Alps**  
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The American Mercury

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LABOR

Must Clean House

or CRASH!

LABOR must clean its own house — or see it crash, just as Wall Street did. Three decades ago “The Street” was full of bucket-shop operators; jammed with manipulators of other people’s money; convinced that it had enough power in Washington to cut off any investigation, and delirious over the pyramiding of stock-holding companies which mushroomed \$800 into \$800,000,000 although at the bottom there was nothing but air — hot air.

The little people were forgotten. The thousands of honest brokers were sneered at for being slow and cautious. It all got top heavy — and crashed — burying many a decent

broker along with the manipulators and crooks. Then came the probes and the restrictions. Now Wall Street is back to the point where the little fellows can buy themselves a piece of capitalism on the installment plan with a \$40 down payment.

Today the parallel is strong inside labor.

Except that the bucket-shop operators are pikers compared with those who terrorize, shake down and mulct the shops of America.

Recent investigations have shown that the mobs looting union welfare funds have siphoned off some \$35,000,000. And that they have their eye on another \$90,000,000. This is

literally stealing from the blind, the halt, the widows and the orphans, for the money comes out of the funds which are to care for the sick, the injured, the dying breadwinners of tens of thousands of families.

THOSE of us who've been screaming against this looting of the security of the working man were howled down until one hot summer afternoon in New York last August. In some labor circles there was a general uneasiness. Something was about to happen. It did. At four o'clock, a thug blasted one Tommy Lewis right out of this world with four well-placed slugs.

Lewis had a fine funeral. But not many of the 4,000 members of his little janitors and race track local 32 E (Bronx and Westchester) of the AFL Building Service Employees Union came out to mourn. Lewis had kicked them around much too frequently. He had run this little union with a whim of iron. Those who fought him were expelled, beaten, exiled to jobs in damp basements at only a few dollars a week.

One member, who has just shown me his receipts and other documents, once argued with the "great" janitors' leader. The worker was expelled. His wife and children were ill. He came pleading for a job. He was broke. The boss took his tribute. The janitor paid as follows: back dues, \$90; fee for reinstatement, \$25; fines, \$100; assessments, \$5; dance tickets, \$4 — a total of \$224. Only

then could he get a job. Could he get a hearing anywhere? Nope.

No one could. Tommy Lewis was too powerful — too popular in certain circles. Once he was telephoned by the lawyer for one of his "sister" locals. Lewis had been "unionizing" Westchester golf clubs. His technique was to burn the greens and roll tractors over them at night for good measure at those clubs which wouldn't sign contracts with the union. Finally he hit one to which George Trosk, a prominent lawyer, belonged. Trosk telephoned the union attorney, whom he knew. The labor lawyer called Lewis and said, "Tommy, go and talk to this fellow." Lewis roared, "The hell with him; I talk to no one."

When the Lewis murder was investigated — and at this writing the case is still getting moldy on the desk of the Bronx District Attorney — it was learned that the union chief ran a many-sided business. He used to get his boys in at the Yonkers Race Track at so much per job — and he ran a union welfare insurance agency.

This he had put in his wife's name. Probing soon revealed that about \$50,000 a year was being milked out of the insurance fund by Lewis's firm — and that if his plan had been administered honestly and efficiently, union members would have received benefits at least 50 percent greater than those Lewis provided.

Why in the name of all that is just and decent, then, is a crusade

for the janitors in this outfit and the working people, in general, howled down in some circles as "anti-labor" and merely an effort to give the state or Federal Government control over union welfare funds?

There are 1,115,000 New Yorkers covered by some 600 such welfare funds now being investigated by the state. What is the reaction inside labor to this probe? You would think that it was an investigator who had robbed the union members of 50 per cent of their health and retirement benefits, not a union official.

One union, the CIO's Lithographers, editorialized recently that the noise created by the Lewis scandal and a similar one in Chicago, where a brokerage firm received well over \$1,000,000 in commissions, was "unwarranted publicity . . . designed to publicly discredit organized labor . . ."

THIS is the kind of ostrich-ism which needs mass psychiatry. If there were no public outcry, what would have happened on the New York waterfront, across which passes over \$16,000,000,000 worth of international trade — on which the mobs have put a terror tax of \$350,000,000 a year?

For decades some of us have been yelling about terror on the waterfront. For years the answer has been the same — to talk aloud about it is "anti-labor." Nonsense. It forced action. The crooked International Longshoremen's Association was ex-

pelled from the AFL. And then on January 25, some AFL leaders themselves said:

"The International Longshoremen's Association and its locals did not, however, act as bona fide representatives of the waterfront workers because most of the principal officials who dominated and controlled the organizations in question were not bona fide labor leaders but were gangsters and racketeers, or closely associated with gangsters and racketeers. Their main interest was to line their own pockets; and to accomplish this they did not stop at bribery, corruption, coercion, extortion, shakedowns, force, violence, or even murder."

True, true, true! But why did it take the AFL Teamsters Brotherhood so many years to say this publicly? Why, when there is positive evidence of similar corruption in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, and other areas right across the United States, are so many labor leaders silent? They know what's happening! And if they feel that they themselves must not talk out — why do they not encourage those who will speak?

Labor has scores of "human rights" and "anti-discrimination" committees. Yet there is not a single committee for democracy and civil liberties inside labor. Why? Where is the zeal and idealism of the old Socialist trade unionists? Where is the energy and crusading spirit of those who fought through the years

for the right to speak on street corners and organize across the land?

If these labor leaders are now fatigued with their early struggles, let them read the proceedings of the trial of Paul H. Hulahan, business agent for the AFL Building Laborers Union in St. Louis.

When the court sentenced Hulahan to 12 years for terrorizing construction contractors by selling them "labor peace" at \$50,000 a throw — and I mean *throw* — the judge said that Hulahan was "a menace to this community and the people will sleep better with him away." If Hulahan was an isolated case, it would be unfair to charge wide corruption.

But he is one of 17 such construction trades officials in St. Louis who have run a violent labor movement — in which bombs are as frequent as thunder. All are indicted on similar charges. All have cynically disregarded the basic tenets of our society — the right to work and make a profit in peace, without bands of storm troopers taking their tribute.

Nothing has been sacred. Not the civil rights of the working people, the prerogatives of the employees, the reputation of labor, or the need for building atomic and hydrogen bomb stockpiles.

AN INVESTIGATION has just been launched in Southern Illinois near the Joppa power plants, built to give juice to our atomic energy installations. This probe will show how remnants of the Capone mob, oper-

ating from their old hideaway in East Cicero, controlled labor leaders who owned bars and gambling concessions and pulled crippling strikes to keep other labor leaders out of the territory. So rough did this become that the original contractor left the area rather than take the abuse of a handful of regional labor barons.

Obviously, anything is fair game. Construction union leaders have shaken down builders of housing projects and veterans' hospitals in the St. Louis area. Teamsters locals in and around Kansas City, with officials riding in air-conditioned Cadillacs, have curtailed the production of military supplies.

Recently, in Detroit, several investigating Congressmen discovered that even children's kiddie rides in the supermarkets are taxed by the crowd which overlooks not a penny.

One of the Congressmen near choked when he heard this during the investigation of racketeering in Detroit.

There the legislators found that the billion-dollar juke box and automatic vending machine industry was virtually terrorized by one William Bufalino, who holds the charter for Teamsters Local 985, the juke box local. Bufalino's crowd reaches into Cleveland, central Pennsylvania (where they have simply set up unions of their own) and right into New York. When the Congressmen first tried to get to Bufalino, he took an overdose of pills and went to the

hospital, too "sick" to appear.

However, the Congressmen, Representatives Clare Hoffman, Wint Smith, and Robert L. Condon, then listened to a parade of frightened businessmen testify that they must join the union and pay dues, give it a share of their profits, use juke boxes supplied by companies in the "favor" of the union — or else see their windows smashed, their beer cut off, their places dynamited or stench-bombed.

One witness, Henry C. Lemke, who tried to make a living placing automatic pop corn and photomatic machines around Detroit, asked the committee investigators not to call him. His wife was in hysterics, his employees had quit in terror, and he feared being killed. It's right there in the record:

"... I am on the spot, gentlemen," Lemke said tearfully.

"That's what you were talking about in the hall?" the Congressional committee chairman asked him.

"You have had a lot happen?" Congressman Bender asked.

"I couldn't have much more bad happen. My wife is in hysterics right now," Lemke sighed.

"You are afraid for your life, is that what you told our investigator?"

"That's why I am afraid. I spoke my piece."

"You asked not to come? You asked our investigator —"

"I didn't want to appear in an open hearing, that is right. I am afraid of my life some of these

days, gentlemen. I know what has happened."

THIS MAN was forced to join this union although he is an employer. And then Bufalino, according to testimony, came to his place and told Mrs. Lemke that he was the boss from then on.

"We certainly should be the boss. We are paying the wages," Mrs. Lemke said.

"You may be paying the wages but, according to the contract, I am the boss. If you have anything to say, say it to me, not to your employees."

Now by what queer rationalizing can anyone see a difference between the suppression of civil rights anywhere and the suppression here? How can anyone cry out for the rights of anybody anywhere, without crying out for such terrorized people?

Lest you think this isn't real terror, let me report that Bufalino would travel around town with another union official — and introduce him to those about to be "unionized." The man with Bufalino was introduced as a business agent of the casket workers' union. See? Subtle, huh?

All this is not trade unionism, it is simple, old-fashioned terror.

It is not trade unionism to sign up employers. It is not trade unionism to run insurance agencies and other businesses in the union's field in the names of wives, sons and daughters. It is not trade unionism

to be both employer and union official and negotiate with one's self. It is not trade unionism to try to cut in on race track gambling which hits \$1,250,000,000 a year. It is not trade unionism to go on union welfare fund insurance company payrolls at \$37.50 a day — and then do nothing. It is not trade unionism to force housing contractors to pay \$8 per cellar for 40,000 homes, so that the union would not "insist" on placing a \$16-a-day man at the concrete mixer. It is not trade unionism to take orders from men like Joe Fay, who sold out his own people, and then make a Mecca out of his prison cell when he gets caught at it.

It is not crusading trade unionism to cry out for the freedom of the press — and then scream anti-labor epithets at crusading journalists and editors who befriend the little man.

WHEN I read a piece by former Secretary of Labor Martin Durkin, in which he urges a greater democracy, I wanted to believe that he has a single standard — not just one for the rest of the country and another for inside labor.

Mr. Durkin wrote in the January edition of the *American Federationist*:

"The failure of Americans to exercise fully their rights as citizens is a genuine threat to democracy in this country. Once again the time has arrived when the trade union movement must contribute to the welfare of the U.S. by promoting interest in the continuation of de-

mocracy through active citizenship — just as we fought for public education as a means to the same end.

"Let the AFL lead the way and show by example how citizens who truly believe in America accept fully both the rights and duties of that citizenship."

Those are good words. Brave words. Indeed, let the AFL lead the way. Why don't some of the officials in the AFL construction trades permit such leaders as AFL president George Meany to clean house? He wants to. Yet it seems almost impossible. Such men as Dave Beck of the Teamsters, Durkin of the Steamfitters, Malony of the Operating Engineers, Moreschi of Laborers and others must lift charters now.

This is the year of investigations. The House of Representatives will probe the nation's welfare funds; the juke box and vending machine industry, the race tracks, the sale of union books to inexperienced men in the heart of our atomic program; the construction trades around the atomic power houses and the teamsters in the Midwest.

Unless the tens of thousands of honest labor leaders take the lead, it will be too late after the exposures. These exposés by Congressmen McConnell and Bender, at least ten grand juries and several state agencies will kick the props from under some of the big unions.

Labor must clean house — or see the house crash as public opinion closes in on it.



Easter Dawns



in the Austrian Alps

BY VINCENT R. TORTORA

EARLY in Holy Week of last spring, I was in an antiquated bus climbing steadily through the picturesque south Austrian Tirol section on my way to a ski resort. The road, though paved at first, later became successively muddy, icy and snowy. Braced on a hard, uncomfortable rear seat, I gazed out the window at the passing landscape.

At the outset, in the beautiful valley where the city of Innsbruck lies snugly, I saw budding trees, spring flowers and freshly green fields. As the bus started to grind its way along the upward slanting road, following the swiftly rushing Inns River, I could hear the dashing water and feel the warmth of the early spring day brushing against my face.

On and on the bus strained valiantly, gradually approaching the line of hazy peaks, blue-white and jagged on the horizon. Quite suddenly, I became aware that the wind

blowing on my face through the open window had ceased to be pleasantly warm. A bit chilled, I hastened to close the window. Around us there was no longer the green of the fields I'd seen in the valley. Trees and bushes were bare and stark in the afternoon sun. The earth was a dull, dusky brown.

But soon I began to see the first signs of winter. The heavily shaded areas were spotted with heaps of still, immaculate snow.

When I slipped up to the front of the bus to ask the driver how high we had come, he ventured to say about a kilometer, or 3,000 feet.

Frequent skids on the ice formed over the deep ruts in the road kept all of us on the edge of our seats. Unfortunately, this evening I was not able to see the famous Tirol sunset. At the moment when the event was to have taken place, our bus was bucking the howling winds of a blizzard sweeping down the river valley.

"We're pretty close to two kilometers high," the driver replied to the same question I'd asked him a couple of hours earlier.

The blizzard had pretty well abated, but the cold persisted as we reached Hoch Sölden, my destination. It was a rugged five hours after the warmth and spring flowers of Innsbruck.

Directing me toward a dim light surrounded by highly piled snow, with the simple comment that this was the house I wanted, the driver graciously helped unload my belongings and place them beside me in the snow. Skis and poles dragged in the hard, frozen snow as I shouldered my knapsack and moved toward the light. On approaching, I could make out the small, wooden house-like shape with a sharply sloping roof that was to shelter me during my stay at the resort.

My light knocking on the door brought an almost immediate response from a forty-five or fifty-year-old woman. She was carrying a lantern which softly lighted up her pleasant face and her picturesque mountain garb.

"Come in, Herr Tortora," she said very gently, in tones that scarcely resembled the German of Austria's northern neighbor. "We've got your room ready. I'm Mrs. Sperber."

I walked into a large dining room filled with a large family of warmly

smiling mountain people. As I was introduced by Mrs. Sperber to her husband and to each young face around the table, I was greeted by a radiant, heart-felt "Gruzz Gott." This greeting, typical of the Tirolian people, can be freely translated as "May God be with you."

On the ski slopes, on the ski lift and in the streets, smiling faces beamed sincere greetings. Perfect strangers went out of their way to pass me and greet me with a "Gruzz Gott." This week, every woman in the entire village was preparing for Easter. There was great activity. When not taking care of their house-guests or doing chores, they were sewing at home or praying in the brown log church with the black shingle roof. Each woman seemed to be preparing a new outfit to wear at the Easter sunrise service.

HOLY THURSDAY morning, as I walked, skis on my shoulder, along the snow-covered road that divided the tiny village from the rapidly rushing river, I saw that the church, some one hundred yards ahead of me, was slowly filling with worshippers.

From amid a group of children on the other side of the road, there suddenly came a shout, "Herr Vincent!" A small girl detached herself from her friends and came running toward me. "Herr Vincent," she panted, "do you remember me? I'm Judith."



As the rest of her group of friends followed her and gathered close by, I assured her that I remembered having seen her pretty face at the dinner table in the Sperber house where I was staying.

"You're the one who keeps saying: 'Do you want more to eat, Herr American?' aren't you?" I asked her as her friends laughed lightly.

I left my skis propped up near the church and started along the road back to the Sperber house, walking alongside the bright-eyed little girl in the shawl and the heavy black dress.

As we walked, she told me enthusiastically how she looked forward all year to Easter, when "Jesus will go back to His Father and all the world will celebrate." She continued, almost poetically: "Even the trees and the flowers celebrate this great day. A short time after Easter, the snows will begin to melt and the little flowers will begin to push right up where the snow was."

During the entire walk from the church to her home, she spoke to me of Easter.

"On Easter I, too, will show God that I want to celebrate with Him. I have worked for many weeks on a new dress and a hat that I will wear before Him on Easter. There are many colors in my dress. It is not black like the dresses we wear all the time. This one will be a gay dress to tell God that I am glad Lent is finished and that His Son is now with Him."

ON BOTH Good Friday and Holy Saturday, I took advantage of the new powder snow lightly covering the slopes. In the evenings, as soon as it began to get dark, I started back to the warmth and cheer of the Sperber house. The moment I entered the door, young Judith greeted me heartily and pulled me over to where she was sewing in order to explain the slight changes she had made or the new parts she had added to her dress.

Just about 10 o'clock Saturday evening, as we were preparing to go to bed early enough to get up in time for the 5:30 sunrise service, Judith again ran breathless down the steps to tell me: "Herr Vincent . . . I have finished everything. Tomorrow I will greet the Easter morning dressed so that God will know that I am happy about His holiday."

About three o'clock in the morning I was awakened by noise in the downstairs part of the house. Several persons were running around and talking rapidly. Then I heard the front door slam and a number of running feet crunching on the crisp snow of the street.

Since no one came to awaken me, I stayed in bed until shortly before 5 A.M., when Mrs. Sperber knocked on my door.

Coming down into the dining room, I found only Mrs. Sperber and her very youngest children at the breakfast table.

"Happy Easter," she smiled, as she

saw me looking around for the rest of the family.

"Where are the rest?" I asked. "Mr. Sperber, the boys, Judith?"

She related to me quite sadly: "They have all gone about a mile on the other side of the church. The house of Mr. Pilberhof is burning. I could not go because I must tend to the children. Come now, eat your breakfast and go to church. You must go alone."

About three minutes before the service was due to begin, I got to the church. Most of the people were already inside. There was a small group, however, gathered outside the doors. They were listening to an elderly man telling them about the fire.

The bells began to ring and everyone but me entered the church.

A few minutes after the service had begun, I saw Mr. Sperber walking fast, coming from the far end of the town. Seeing me standing alone in front of the church, he came over and told me that the home of the Pilberhof family had been completely destroyed by a terrible fire and that he, the boys and Judith had gone over very early in the morning to help out.

"Young Marig Pilberhof is the best friend of Judith," he explained. "Little Marig has been hurt and overcome by smoke. Our Judith has not left the side of her friend all morning. Now Marig is better. It is very fortunate that she was not killed. Both of them have already

started for church, but Marig must walk slowly. I went ahead."

WITH that, we entered the church and stood at the back watching the joyous Easter morning service. Everywhere there were flowers. Fresh spring flowers had been shipped up from the valley. The women were all dressed in bright spring colors and artificial flowers. Indeed, the light of Easter morning fell on a gay scene, dotted over with praying, contented faces.

The faint sound of shuffling feet drew my attention to the main door of the church. Judith and her very pale little friend were just coming in. As I watched Judith, I saw her eyes dart over the colorful church scene, replete with color, linger on the lilies of the altar and then drop to her everyday black dress and shawl pulled on hurriedly early that morning when she first heard about the fire. Large tears of disappointment formed rivulets down her young cheeks.

Suddenly, she turned and looked fondly at her friend, Marig, standing red-eyed and coughing close to her. Reaching around her waist, Judith gave her a fervent hug with one arm and quickly brushed the tears from her eyes with the other hand. When she again turned her eyes toward the altar, they were clear and bright, exactly as they had been every time in the past week that she had showed me her new Easter dress, now hanging, unworn, in her room.

Crazy Mixed-up Birds

By CHARLES E. BOOTH

IT SEEMS that Mother Nature herself is as befuddled as the average American citizen these days. But her disillusionment is not due to the perilous state of the world. Instead, she has become a nervous victim of a vast change in the habits and habitats of many of her feathered children.

Last fall, starlings, blue jays and other so-called permanent resident birds of New England and other northeastern states grew their autumn plumage. But, as they donned these heavier cloaks of drab colors, they no doubt suffered from the effects of a prolonged warm spell that sent them flocking to the brooks, ponds, swamps and bird-baths by the hundreds in an effort to cool themselves. Bird lovers reported many species remaining dormant in shady areas during the unseasonable weather.

Various species, from western and southern states, have migrated into comparatively strange territory in late years. In two or three instances, mockingbirds, faithful residents of the deep South, have been reported as being seen as far north as Massachusetts.

In New Jersey, January of 1953 proved to be a corker as far as the

study of ornithology is concerned. For during that month a western tanager flew to that state — an area in which it was a total stranger. There is an unwritten law that western tanagers should be seen *only in the western states*. Another one prohibits *any* tanager from traveling northward from its semitropical home before spring. It simply isn't done. Even the northeastern species, the scarlet tanager, would be violating nature's ruling if it flew northward before the coming of warm weather.

As if in sympathy with the off-season, off-bounds flight of the obstinate western tanager, a whole flock of Baltimore orioles arrived in another part of New Jersey at approximately the same time. As a general rule, orioles hardly ever put in an appearance in their summer habitats before May. Mother Nature, observing her summer residents walking around breast-deep in snow, must have thought she was suffering from delusions.

The flights of the snowy owl from its home in the Arctic Circle are prompted by a shortage of food during heavy snowstorms and extreme cold weather. When faced with these conditions, it travels southward into the northern parts

of the United States. But in 1951, many of these beautiful pure white owls with the brown and black markings on their breasts were observed hunting for rodents in March and April within city limits. Had they remained true to habit, they would have taken the trip back to the far north country long before these dates. By extending its visits in this manner, the snowy owl might well prove to be a serious competitor of both hawks and native owls, for it can see as well by daylight as by night. In this manner, it consumes tremendous numbers of pesky rodents.

It's a well-known fact that robins, bluebirds, song sparrows and a few red-winged blackbirds will stay put in the northern states provided they can find sufficient food and shelter. But now many other birds, which should be safe in the trees and shrubs of the sunny southland during the cold weather, have refused to leave their summer homes in the autumn. Even the tender wood thrush, the veery, and the brown thrasher have been found staying the winter season in thickets in New England.

CANADA, with its more severe cold weather, has figured in the out-of-season migration, too. Some of our native birds have flatly defied the laws of nature in by-passing our northern states and settling in the Canadian provinces for the summer. Some species — very rarely seen north of New Eng-

land — now appear regularly in southern Canada.

In some secluded marshy regions in the northeastern states, it has become quite common to observe flocks of redwings in the middle of the winter season.

Mother Nature isn't the only one to be utterly confused by the actions of our birds. Ornithologists, bird lovers and sportsmen are scratching their frostbitten heads as they discover in the dead of winter the feathered friends that used to be genuine harbingers of spring. Accordingly, our bird research lists and field guides are presently holding their own, so to speak. There may come a day in the very near future when the homes and habits of *all* our native songsters will change. When that time comes, there will be a need for rewriting our favorite bird books and guides.

Looking at newspaper accounts concerning the "invasion" of birds foreign to certain states in the United States, the only conclusion is that the feathered friends are exchanging breeding grounds with one another and are pioneering the way to new areas heretofore unexplored by certain species.

Mother Nature may truly be confused and upset by the wanderings of her feathered children, but, because she has changed the climates of many sections of the United States, she really has only herself to blame for this state of our crazy mixed-up birds.



By Sam Mims

CERTAIN college professors are almost strangling from the effects of “book burning” smoke. The imaginary conflagration is making them gasp for breath.

The fact that no one has burned any books or even suggested destruction of a single volume only tends to increase the density of acrid smoke that’s curling from fanciful book fires.

“Book burning” is one of the choice bits of jargon that’s found in the lexicon of the leftist group. But many fellow travelers and some teachers have added it to their vocabularies, and the NEA would be hard put to publish anything without the use of it. One would think that this powerful organization — supported by one of the strongest lobby systems in Washington — would make an attempt at original composition rather than depend upon Communist hand-me-down’s.

“McCarthyism,” intended as a word of opprobrium, was coined by the Communists; but it is echoing

NO ONE HAS BURNED ANY BOOKS



back into their amazed ears with a meaning they never expected to hear — “loyal Americanism.” Another of their popular invectives is “guilt by association.” I suspect that a few college professors of my acquaintance couldn’t so much as conduct a lesson in geometry without the use of that word “inquisition.”

I have one stock question for these professors: “Have you,” I ask timidly,

“ever read one of the printed booklets containing verbatim testimony of witnesses heard by Congressional investigating committees?”

I have yet to get an affirmative answer.

Had teachers all over the country been forthright enough to send a letter to Washington, requesting copies of these hearings, they could have learned from the testimony of other teachers the reason why committees have been looking at some of the books purchased with taxpayers’ money. Moreover, they could have learned that the Senate

Permanent Sub-committee on Investigations had legitimate cause to inspect the shelves of our information centers abroad. After all, a hundred million dollars a year is a tidy sum, particularly if the use of it is directly opposite to what was intended.

Public Law 402 created an agency that would "enable the Government to promote better understanding of the United States in other countries. . . . Among the means to be used in achieving these objectives" the law provided for the establishment of "an information service to disseminate abroad information about the United States . . . and its people."

Congress, having passed this law, felt that it had a right, five years later, to examine its results. The Senate Permanent Sub-committee was the proper servant to investigate and report its findings to the Congress. Making books available to readers, and the use of radio, are excellent media for the dissemination of information. The committee knew that many books had been bought and shipped abroad. But what sort of books?

And the nosey guy who first asked that question is the one who started all this business about "book burning."

WHEN the Investigations Committee discovered that books by William Z. Foster were being used in Foreign Information Centers,

they reported their findings to the American people. Immediately the mad howls about "book burning" began.

A quotation from one of Foster's books will give you an idea of how your money was being spent:

The workers of this country and the workers of every country have only one flag, and that is the Red Flag.

Until recent months the programs for Information Centers and for the Voice of America were set up by a branch of the old State Department. Today, "dissemination of information" is handled by an autonomous agency — the U.S. Information Agency. And we taxpayers may hope for better use of our money.

Take a look at *A Philosophic Approach to Communism*, by Dr. Theodore Brameld, and then ponder over such statements as:

The devotee of Communism . . . becomes at once creator and worshipper of a magnificent human order.

Surely the majority of teachers in the United States are not happy over the fact that some of their tax money was used to buy books by Professor Theodore Kaghan, who wrote:

Gordon was a worker, and because he was a worker he was shot, like many other workers will be shot if they don't organize and put up a united front against their enemies, the capitalist class.

I wonder if intimating to foreign-

ers that over here we shoot folks for working isn't the reason we had to increase our immigration quotas. Too bad to mislead 'em that way when the truth is we don't even shoot 'em for not working.

Professor Kaghan also said in his book that you bought for foreigners to read:

The Communist Party wants to unite all workers in a struggle for their rights against a decadent system of capitalism.

Do you ask why such books were bought with your money?

REED HARRIS, formerly a teacher at Columbia University, was the Deputy Administrator of the branch agency in the State Department, and sometimes in direct charge of the information program. He saw to it, too, that some of his books were bought (with your money), and sent to Europe for distribution through the Information Centers to convince those people that our way of life is preferable to that of people behind the Iron Curtain. In telling about a certain character, Harris said in one of his books:

I remember him as a sadistic butcher who is now probably commander of some American Legion Post.

Mr. Average Professor, do you know any commanders of American Legion Posts who are sadistic butchers? If you don't know such commanders, do you think it right that

taxpayers' money should be spent for the purpose of implying to foreigners that commanders of our American Legion Posts are sadistic butchers?

Some ministers have joined the professors in their hue and cry about "book burning." But how would they like the broadcast over the air lanes of the world which contained:

At times, passing through a town, a [*obscurity*] female dish wiggles across the truck's path and the trucker whistles and waves, and for some reason the dames always go for the truckers . . .

Do you think the use of such vulgarity is an effective way to convince the people of Europe that we are a decent people; that we are religious, God-loving folks who stand ready to fight the spread of Communist atheism?

One of Professor Doxey A. Wilkerson's books was actually printed at Government (your) expense. It was written while he held a policy-making position with the Government. When brought before the Senate Permanent Sub-committee on Investigations he invoked the Fifth Amendment although several witnesses had already stated, under oath, that he was a Communist. Within twenty-four hours after he left his Government position, he announced that he'd been made an "organizer" in the Communist Party, an exalted post that requires four years of service in this inter-

national conspiracy before it can be attained.

Mr. and Mrs. Teacher, do you still think such characters deserve your defense, on whose behalf you have been shouting, "Book burning! McCarthyism! Guilt by association!" when at a cost of three cents you could have learned the facts? Then, too, visitors to open sessions of these committees learn a great deal. The record shows that about a hundred teachers attended hearings during 1953, but they had written invitations — subpoenas.

In a booklet, *Part 7—Information Centers*, are statements by Senator McCarthy and Senator Mundt, assuring witnesses that this committee was in no way concerned with books in American libraries, or with who wrote them, or with who reads them. "We are concerned here," said Senator McCarthy, "only with the question of whether or not our government should buy the works of Communist authors and place them in *information centers* throughout the world in our fight against the spread of Communism."

To which statement Senator Mundt added an explanation: "The Congress never had any intention of providing a system of libraries all over the world, supported by American taxpayers. . . . The law specifically provides that the taxpayers' money shall be used for information centers abroad . . . as a part of a program to carry the American story to foreign people."

COMMUNIST influence in colleges was felt long before the prattle about "book burning" became a by-word. It took definite form about fifteen years ago when Professor Howard K. Beale began making charges that: "Various groups in the United States seek to control what is taught in the schools." He mentioned the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution as being two of these "various groups." He called their members "ancestor worshippers." These insidious attacks were as a prelude to a campaign of ridicule directed at tradition and at patriotic gestures of any sort.

Then the self-styled *intelligentsia* became articulate. They appeared on the scene as a new genie. They began trying to make a new pattern of cultural life. They began writing books to be published — with taxpayers' money — at the university presses. A new era was at hand. Competition in everything was archaic. And this intelligentsia group began classifying: human emotions were suitable only for neurotics; "flag-waving" became an opprobrium, a synonym for maudlin sentimentality; old inspirational stories about early Americans were to be told only for the pleasure of morons.

In some cases the parent-teacher groups were inoculated, as evidenced by resolutions recently adopted by the Minnesota Congress of Parent-Teacher Associations: "We call for vigorous opposition to the efforts of

self-appointed critics who seek to enforce conformity of thought and expression. . . . We oppose any movement to curb the right to read . . .”

They should have included the right to breathe. Do you know of anyone who opposes the right to breathe or read? Why should they demand what no one denies?

In their resolution they don't say a word about freedom to read the testimony of Communist members of the Parent-Teacher Associations who have testified before Congressional committees.

At the cost of three cents in postage, they can obtain *Part 2 — Government Printing Office*, which contained a verbatim transcript of the testimony of Mrs. Esther Rothschild, who was educational director of a parent-teacher unit while using her home as a meeting place for the local Communist group.

OF COURSE the National Educational Association is the powerful organization among educators. In 1937, this NEA sponsored a survey of “influences touching the lives of youth.” Finally, the surveying committee reported “*distrust for all adult-sponsored groups*,” mentioning Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America and the Junior Grange.

Now, get this part of the report, which is most interesting. The surveying committee of the NEA had lavish praise for the American Youth Congress, calling it an “active youth

organization representing youth initiative.”

Should you want to know the fate of the American Youth Congress, write the House Un-American Activities Committee, who found this outfit to be “one of the most influential front organizations ever set up by the Communists in this country.”

“Book burning” in the lexicon of the leftist group is scarcely more popular in the use of their jargon than is “guilt by association.”

An honest teacher, before falling for this Communist line, could have gone to any library and learned that frontiersmen fitted legal precepts to their own language. “Birds of a feather flock together” was their way of saying “guilt by association.” Later this aphorism was slightly refined into “a man is known by the company he keeps.”

Then, had this teacher still been in doubt about this ancient legal precept, he could have engaged in conversation with a lawyer friend and learned that the courts of the United States have supported and upheld this doctrine for a century and a half, never claiming, however, that the learned judges were expressing new concepts, but admitting that it was said in the Proverbs: “Keep not ill company lest you increase the number.”

Some of the states, not willing to rely entirely on ancient precepts and jurisprudence, have enacted statutory laws covering the subject of “guilt by association.” Idaho and

Utah have laws that are almost identical, even in language: "Every associate of known thieves is punishable by imprisonment."

The Federal Government enacted a far-reaching statute. Public Law 85 makes a person's presence in an illegal establishment a crime.

In an article in the *Journal of the Bar Association*, a Washington jurist declares, "Persons who keep company with Communists can be properly suspected of being Communists."

Several years ago the Communists issued a mandate to all members: "Our tactics in . . . proceedings of law courts are not tactics of defense but of attack."

THESE tactics were brazenly followed in Federal Judge Harold Medina's court during the trial of eleven Communists who were convicted of advocating the overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence. Such conduct was repugnant to most members of the American Bar Association. This organization appointed a committee to cooperate with Congressional investigating committees whenever members of the Bar were in any way suspected of being Communists: "This committee has been in attendance at meetings of Congressional committees and has received splendid cooperation. . . . Culminating these efforts we have compiled names of attorneys, (a) who have been identified under oath as

members of the Communist Party, and (b) who have appeared before Congressional committees and when interrogated as to possible Communist membership have refused to testify on the ground that their testimony might tend to incriminate them."

In other words, the American Bar Association is determined that no Communist shall practice law in the courts of the land, and by so declaring, these men and women who are trained in law and government have set a good example for others, including teachers and ministers. Instead of joining in the chorus of those who chant the "book burning" jargon, or wasting pity for witnesses who have ducked behind the Fifth Amendment, these jurists and lawyers have declared that a person who invokes the Fifth Amendment is unfit to practice law.

Here is the language of the Special Committee of the American Bar Association: ". . . When a citizen, who is an attorney, refuses to testify on the ground that his testimony might tend to incriminate him, then upon his own sworn statement, his personal Constitutional right must be honored, but in asserting this right he, himself, has thereby disclosed disqualifications for the practice of law."

If an invoker of the Fifth Amendment is unfit to go into the court to defend a thief, surely he should be denied the privilege of going into school to teach your children.

BROWNING'S HISTORIC GUNS

By Karl Hess

Nor a battle in our times has been fought without weapons of his design. No battle in the foreseeable future will be without such weapons. Who was he? A man out of Ogden, Utah. His name seems sort of old-fashioned in a streamlined age: John Moses Browning — the greatest inventor of firearms who ever lived.

From the Garand, the gas-operated principle of which was utilized in a Browning gun in 1895, to the most famous of all semi-automatic hand guns, the American Army's Colt .45 (Browning-designed), and on through every place in the military gun rack, the machine gun, the automatic rifle — the name Browning whispers or shouts.

The four major American arms companies are each dependent upon Browning designs for the main part of their success. The Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre of Liege,

one of the world's greatest arms factories, produces guns mainly of Browning design. The NATO countries just recently agreed to a Browning-designed gun in their program for standardizing arms.

The very name Browning is a continual synonym in European fiction for an automatic pistol, the way Colt is the coverall designation in Western fiction.

John Browning, in the old tradition of craftsmanship, learned gunsmithing from his father, a gunsmith. Jonathan, the father, had sketched and hand-forged a repeating rifle himself as early as 1831. Then on September 19, 1849, the *Frontier Guardian*, published in Kanesville (near Council Bluffs), Iowa, carried on its 11th page this advertisement:

The Subscriber is prepared to manufacture, to order, improved firearms, viz: revolving rifles and pistols; also

slide guns, from 5 to 25 shooters. All on an improved plan, and he thinks not equalled this far East. (Farther West they might be.) The emigrating and sporting community are invited to call and examine Browning's improved firearms before purchasing elsewhere. Shop eight miles south of Kanessville on Musquito Creek, half a mile south of Trading Point. Jonathan Browning.

A FEW years later he and his family (which eventually included 3 wives and 22 children) moved on to the Mormon settlement at Ogden, Utah. There, in 1855, John Moses Browning was born. At fourteen, the youngster whittled a breech mechanism out of a block of wood.

Before he reached twenty, he had built a workable hunting gun out of scrap from his father's shop. When he was twenty-four, he took out his first patent, for a single-shot rifle. It used a lever to swing open the breech, toss out the empty cartridge, and cock the hammer. The Winchester Repeating Arms Company picked up the design — and the designer — and both became famous.

Next, Browning took the Winchester '73, "the gun that won the West," and put his own inspired machinery into it to replace the weak breech-locking assembly that had plagued the gun. Browning's breech, which worked off a trigger-guard lever, as did the '73, used two flat bolts, moving vertically in the receiver of the gun, to solidly lock the whole breech assembly to the

frame when the gun was cocked. With this extraordinarily solid system, repeating rifles for the first time were able to take full advantage of the new smokeless powder and to use the most powerful cartridges available. The age of repeating firearms had begun.

Next, Browning made a design of a .22 caliber slide-action repeater for Winchester. Company officials took one look and told him to quit. It just wouldn't work, they said. Browning's answer was a hand-made model which shot so well that it became Winchester's very famous Model '90, perhaps the largest and almost undoubtedly the longest-selling .22 rifle ever made.

Shotguns (the first hammerless repeater), more rifles (Admiral Peary took one to the North Pole) and the first lever action longarm to use a box magazine (rather than a tubular one) took up his next few years.

While he worked, he established some personal legends beyond his guns. For one thing he was an artist, certainly, before being a technician. When he wanted a new part for an experimental model, he would stalk into the workshop, a towering, mustached man, and hold his fingers as though measuring. "I want," he would tell the foreman, "a part about this thick, and this wide, and so long." Carefully the foreman would fit calipers to the fingers, jot down the measurements, and get to work. The results weren't slick. They were good, and workable, and

always the first steps toward some new and tremendous innovation. To test his measurements, Browning simply would fire the complete gun, take it apart and examine all the parts for metal brightened by intense friction or shock. Those he would modify, again with his fingers.

IN 1892, while doing the one thing he loved as much as making guns — hunting — Browning came across one of his biggest ideas. Shooting through some marsh grass, he noted that the rush of gases following the bullet jolted the grass back quite forcibly. Why not, he wondered, use that otherwise wasted force to cock and reload the gun itself? First he tried taking the energy of the gas from the muzzle. Then he tapped it from a tiny hole underneath the barrel. In both cases the gas drove a rod to reload the piece.

With that one inspiration, Browning went on to make the wasted energy of gunfire work other miracles.

His recoil-operated machine gun of 1901 is the grandfather of all today's. The familiar water-jacketed machine guns of the first World War were Browning designs, using the rearward force of exploding powder charges to drive back breech lock, loading lift, and cocking sear, bringing another shot under the automatically falling firing pin. As long as the trigger was held, the gun fired.

From the big guns came little guns. While the revolver still was generally accepted as *the* handgun,

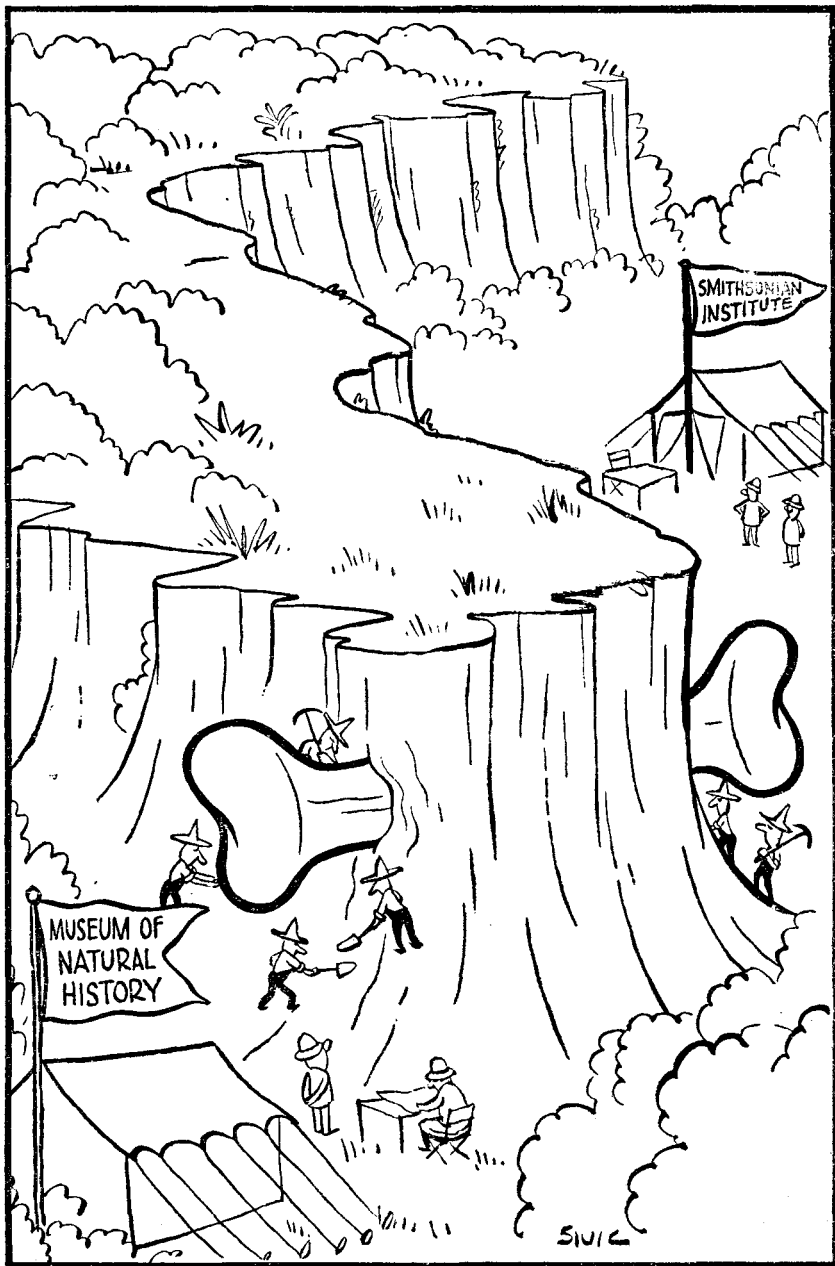
Browning, using the recoil principle again, was fashioning semi-automatic handguns that could spit lead as fast as a man could pull the trigger.

By the time the first World War's clouds rolled around, the famous Colt .45, Model 1911, was already becoming the most discussed and most loved of all military sidearms.

There was another weapon coming for war: the BAR, Browning automatic rifle, a weapon that has carried its maker's name to every corner of the world where men have fought and which even today is a standard item of the most modern arsenals.

For all the warlike sounds from his workshop, however, Browning actually spent a major part of his time working on a shotgun for the hunting trips which meant so much to him. Before he died, in 1926, he got his gun — an auto-loading shotgun of such remarkable perfection that even among those who have samples of the original models, it would be hard to find complaint of a single malfunction. Today Browning's name and fame for most Americans rest on this one gun.

But few remember or have ever known that this man from Ogden, the truly dominant genius in his field, was the father of modern firearms. In the raw, new world of America, John Moses Browning established a great tradition that is every bit as impressive as the foreign glamors of the Swordmakers of Damascus, or of any other weapons-makers who ever lived.



Maybe the First Americans Were Pygmies

BY PEARL P. PUCKETT

DID a strange race of pygmies roam the Americas millions of years ago? Were they progenitors of the American Indians? Whence did they come? Where did they go?

Some of the world's greatest scientists have been puzzled over these questions and many more occasioned by one of the most thought-provoking anthropological finds ever to be recorded on this continent.

This find — a tiny, mummified human being — was discovered in a quaint tomb in the Pedro Mountains near Casper, Wyoming, by a young prospector, Cecil M. Main, while he was blasting for gold. The mummy measures $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the squatting position and approximately 18 to 20 inches in standing position. It weighs three quarters of a pound but is thought to have tipped the scale at considerably more than that in life. The noticeable features are the bronze skin, low forehead, flat nose and flat, unintelligent head, with a fringe of black and gray hair.

The sex of the specimen is plainly masculine; it has a full set of teeth and its eyes, although glazed, are distinct.

It is estimated that the pygmy was approximately 65 years old at the time of death. There are noticeable traces of very fine hair over the body. An X-ray picture reveals human vertebrae and all other identifiable bones of the body, even to the muscles. The left clavicle bone shows a fracture, and marks on the body indicate that death undoubtedly resulted from wounds. Also discernible by X-ray is the food in the stomach, which appears to have been raw meat. The pointed teeth in the front of the mouth are of the flesh-eating variety.

Homer F. Sherrill of Crawford, Nebraska, who purchased the rare mummy from Mr. Main, transported it within a bell jar from scientist to scientist, endeavoring to ascertain the origin of the species, but so far experts from various

sections of the country, including Colorado, Wyoming, Nebraska and Massachusetts, have been mystified.

So far, the mummy has been identified by eminent curators as a specimen of the post-glacial period, although they all agreed that they had never seen such a specimen.

Mr. Sherrill died five years ago, and since that date the mummy has been sold twice, each new owner having died, and at the present time it is in a museum in Chicago. Old prospectors who helped Mr. Main remove the mummy from its quaint tomb predicted that violence and misfortune would come to anyone who owned the specimen.

Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, a noted scientist, explains in some of his writings that there existed in North America about the middle of the Pliocene period a high form of anthropoid, with a leaning to the human side, to which he has given the name "Hespero pithecus."

GREAT Indian migrations of prehistoric times, described by the mapped illustrations of the Smithsonian Institute, might have some bearing on the race of people the Wyoming mummy represents. Those maps reveal the route along which prehistoric tribes marched for generations from west of the Mississippi toward the Atlantic Ocean, pioneering in exactly the opposite direction to that taken by the whites. The migration trails lead from the northwest and southwest across the Mis-

issippi. They were the last laps of an age-long trek by which scientists believe nomadic Asiatic tribes gradually pushed through Siberia, across the Bering Strait into Alaska and down across the Americas. Undoubtedly the American Indians are their descendants.

And what of pygmies in this present age?

In July of 1937, a new race of pygmies was discovered in mountainous Annam, hinterland of southeastern Asia, hitherto believed uninhabited. A tiny man and woman were captured by natives and taken to Hue, government seat of the Quang Binh Province, Administrator Pierrot of the province in the then French protectorate, reported. Typhoons that wrought much damage through the region gave Pierrot the first suggestion of the aboriginal race. While on an expedition through the stricken area, Pierrot thought he saw a tiny man clinging to a long log being carried down the river. He was unable to reach the log to save the small man, but the administrator began asking natives if they had seen any pygmies. Pierrot found a few villagers who said they had seen dwarfish people occasionally, so timid and elusive that natives never could catch up with them. Later the pygmy man and woman were captured and brought in. Dr. Trehout, director of the French hospital, recognized them as belonging to a race closely akin to the African pygmies.

THE ROAD

~ TO ~~~~~

ANTI- COMMUNISM

By Ralph de Toledano

IN EVERY LIFE there is a road to Damascus, though not all men take it. At some point on this road, the word is spoken; the choice is made; the future breaks loose from the present. The moment of dedication is clear and conscious — and if the earth does not shake, the heart trembles. For once the choice has been made, the past is destroyed, and with it the comfort of withdrawal. Like Paul, we are eternally committed.

I have often been asked why, instead of going about my business, I took the road of conservative and militant anti-Communism. Sometimes the question is friendly; usually it is not. One of the great victories of Communism has been to convince what Sidney Hook calls the “ritualistic liberals” — and through them the literate majority — that a man goes anti-Communist for money, power, or lack of a good psychiatrist. By besmirching the motive, all dignity is removed from the act of the conservative anti-Communist. As it becomes slowly perceptible that, even under a Republican

administration, the avenues of money and power are shut off to the anti-Communist writer or intellectual by a "liberal" stranglehold on the media of communication, the psychiatric explanation remains.

And it does require a degree of lunacy to set aside the normal desire for approbation in order to battle an evil which to more and more of the earth's population is becoming the inevitable conclusion of an inevitable historical process. The conservative anti-Communist is perhaps crazier than those men who pledged life, liberty, and sacred honor to a cause so lost that it was won only by the intervening grace of God. For the odds are longer in the battle against Communism and its allied ideologies; the ranks are thinner; the muskets don't fire; the leadership cavils. The summer soldiers are many, and they desert the winter bivouac in droves.

KNOWING this, it is reasonable to ask why I did not turn and run when I heard the voice on the solitary road. Even in that incandescent moment, the critical faculty remains, warns, and gives impetus to retreating feet. And the critical faculty, which trades on man's free will, can often be stronger than the impulse of the personal *auto da fe* which indelibly commits. There was much in my background which should have sped me away. My childhood was washed by a gentle rationalism which could not accept

the mystical experience of the race. I had gone to a progressive and expensive preparatory school which eschewed the fanaticism of emphatic truth. I accepted, along with my adolescent contemporaries, the proposition that there is truth in all points of view, that intolerance of evil is worse than evil itself.

The steps that led to that first and fatal interview were these:

As an undergraduate at Columbia College, I shared the invincible and optimistic materialism of that institution. We barely remembered the desperate travail of the early Depression days. The New Deal had sanctified the alphabet and promised the joyous destruction of the old traditions which had presumably pushed our society to the brink of disaster. In the humid haze of Marx and Keynes, we quarreled with the Communists only over tactics, strategy and degree. We deplored the vulgarity of their idealism, but we did not question the sincerity of their slogans and symbols. And whatever the faults of the home-grown Reds, there was always the Soviet Union, a *tabula rasa* on which would be etched the design of a new and complete man. I was honest enough to admit privately that Russia was not perfect. But if pressed to the wall publicly, like Pippa, I passed.

I remember how we used to carry the Communist Manifesto to class and lay it down ostentatiously. Some of us even read beyond its first

sepulchral sentence and into the germinal writings of Lenin. Much of it was meaningless to us, but it had a certain swagger which appealed. The Young Communist League at Columbia, an accomplished group of junior political cutthroats, looked on with wry amusement at our Tauchnitz Bolshevism — but it made full use of us. For reasons both personal and ideological, I had little patience with the YCL, but I took my place on South Field and chanted the Oxford Oath never to bear arms in any — uh, imperialist — war. I fulminated against the expulsion of Bob Burke, a Golden Gloves winner who alcoholically confused academic freedom with the right to shout obscenities at Nicholas Murray Butler. We swelled the ranks and gave the Communists enough protective coloration so that for a period of years they virtually controlled all phases of student extracurricular activities.

THE NERVE twitched first during the Moscow Trials — although I did not feel the tingle until much later. In that terrible time, when millions were being slaughtered, I watched the unseemly haste of the unseemly liberal intellectuals as they daubed whitewash over a bloody stain which somehow kept showing through. (Anyone, said Max Lerner then, with the same moral grandiloquence which he now employs against Senator McCarthy, who called Russia a police state was

a “fascist.”) The tortured explanations of the liberals, however, were neither convincing nor necessary. The more sophisticated Communists allowed me a simple, cold-blooded explanation. The old Bolsheviks were innocent of the high crimes charged against them. But they were an opposition; their liquidation was “necessary” for the forward movement of the Soviet experiment.

(In time, as I pondered this obscene explanation, I arrived at the belief that Communism’s great heresy was its doctrine that means justify ends. And this led me to a paralyzing counter-doctrine, that means strictly determine ends. Of course, neither is true — for with God’s grace, corruption can breed salvation.)

The Moscow Trials had their effect, but the impact was cumulative. The next blow came during the Spanish Civil War. To many of us, this sanguinary struggle was the first great test of our contemporaneity. Ironically, it was — but not precisely as we saw it. Spain shook us. Nurtured as we were on Hemingway and Dos Passos, Spain was where you hung your heart. The poetry was richer for me — García Lorca, Antonio Machado, St. John of the Cross, and a Rueful Knight errant in the shadow and substance of a golden land which had nourished my ancestors. Against this background, we saw Democracy and Fascism at each other’s throats from Málaga to the Asturias. (How

could we know that beyond Golgotha, Stalin's legionnaires cast dice for the cloak of a crucified Spain?)

Spain, however, was more than a battle and a cause. It was our first, vicarious, taste of blood. With Mithraic intensity, we reveled in the violence. I remember a "cause party" at the luxurious penthouse of the Communist playwright, Clifford Odets, in which we discussed the Spanish war and revolution in general. With each drink we bought (the proceeds supposedly earmarked for the Loyalists), the talk became more heroic. Before dusk had fallen, these College Shop revolutionaries had decided on the most commanding emplacement for machine guns, on University Place and Times Square, come *der Tag*. It was all very earnest — and very terrifying.

They were enjoying the great Bull's gore, not knowing that by the very nature of the Mystery, it was their own. Perhaps more than the returning accounts of Communist terror and murder in the Loyalist ranks, it was this realization which prepared me emotionally for the climax of the Hitler-Stalin pact. The accounts were horrifying enough; mass executions in the International Brigades by the G.P.U., the planned deaths in hospitals of wounded Loyalist soldiers (guilty of "deviationism") whose bandages were plucked off by Communist doctors, the promised tanks and planes which never arrived when Anarchist and Socialist troops went

on the offensive, the sellout in Madrid. Yet even this might have succumbed to an easy rationale.

FOR HERE is another of Communism's great victories. Not only does it flood the moral nerve with ideological novocaine; it also creates a stubborn resistance to the pain of awareness. Among complacent non-Communists, there is a state of knowing yet not knowing, of shutting out of the heart what the mind tentatively examines. The conscience is hedged in by a mythology of loyalties, hatreds, and dramatic postures. To accept Communism as a Judas goat is somehow to accept Black Reaction, the Protocols of Zion, Rasputin, and Adolf Hitler. A genuine and honorable respect for the muscles of Nazism complicated the problem for me. Clinging to the fallacy of Communist "anti-fascism" was easy, despite its built-in dishonesties. Even then it was known that the Soviet Union had helped train the *Wehrmacht*. The mind had heard, but the heart was deaf.

There was another factor involved in the ability to rationalize. The atmosphere was too unanimously against a viewpoint which I hardly knew I was harboring. It was not a question of moral courage; the issue was never so clearly drawn. But in the surroundings of friendship and certainty, the doubts were in a way mislaid, or they seemed petty. The important emotion was one of par-

ticipation, of motivation. The unformulated hopes of a young writer were intertwined with the environment in which I found myself.

In the light of retrospect, two days have the same emotional penumbra. I see the same room cast in the same light, and the same quiet, when I remember the day of Pearl Harbor and the day of the Hitler-Stalin pact. Both were marked by the same odd liberating shock. Both were days of resolution and decision. For at the moment that the radio excitedly declared that Hitler and Stalin had made common cause against Western civilization, I broke sharply, irrevocably, and consciously. The inner debate on Communism was over. The road had been taken — but the voice had yet to reach me. I did not realize then where the road would lead me. I did not know that almost in a body my friends would turn against me, calling me “fascist.” I was an anti-Communist, but I was not aware of just what anti-Communism meant.

II

The first step, as I moved away from this periphery, was to find new friends. Angry and shaken by an argument with a Communist functionary who denounced me as “a liberal and an intellectual,” I looked for friends among those two suspect categories. The search was futile. I found them eventually on the *New Leader*, that way station

for migratory souls, which was then an actively functioning anti-Communist newspaper, and one of the few repositories of accurate news on the Communist movement. As its associate editor, I established contact with that small but vigorous group of people who had worked their way out of the belly of the Communist Party. And through these premature ex-Communists, I began to trace out the labyrinthine ways of the Communist *apparatus*.

Before I put on the uniform of my country, events pushed me one step further down the road. Someone I knew and admired was murdered on a dark New York street. He was Carlo Tresca, an anarchist of zest and courage, fighting a double battle against the Fascisti and the Communists. There was no doubt in my mind then, nor is there now, that his murder was engineered by an MVD hatchet man — Enea Sormenti, alias Vittorio Vidale, alias Col. Carlos Contreras of the Spanish war’s notorious *Quinta Brigada*. My war against Communism had been in a sense academic. But in the midst of the poker game, someone had quietly placed a revolver on the table.

THE Army experience took me a little closer. At Cornell, where I had been sent to learn Italian, I found myself in a lecture room listening to Vladimir Kazekevich, a registered Soviet propagandist, laying down the Party line to Ameri-

can soldiers. When I passed this information on to the proper authorities, the Communist agent was grudgingly removed — and I was threatened with court martial. A brief tenure in OSS was terminated when it was discovered that I was “too anti-Communist” and therefore unfit to risk my life behind the Italian lines. At Fort Brooke, Puerto Rico, where I was the staff sergeant in charge of Information & Education, I stubbornly risked court martial again — until I was permitted to qualify the orientation material, prepared in Washington by the Army, which instructed our officers and men that the Chinese Communists were sterling democrats and agrarian reformers. Obviously, even in the Army the Communists never had it so good.

Yet, I must confess, the early postwar years found me still clinging to the hope that the liberals and the “non-Communist left” could serve a useful purpose in the struggle to free America of the Communist virus. In a moment of misguided optimism, I even joined Americans for Democratic Action. After attending a few meetings, it became clear to me that whatever its devoutly stated aims, its purpose was to perpetuate the Popular Front. I quit, my disgust heightened when one of its officers used the ADA mailing list and letterhead to solicit insurance business for a friend.

In 1948, I was well down the road. But I still thought of the

Communists merely in the crude terms of infiltration, subversion, espionage — of terror and death. I had not yet fully understood that they represented the military phase of a great revolution which was destroying a civilization built on moral and religious imperatives. The new philosophers, who set tissue needs above all else, were busily supplanting the spiritual heritage of man by a subtle process of political pressure and brainwashing.

Then, on an August day in 1948, the Hiss case broke over the nation like a thunderclap. One voice cried out in a wilderness of doubt and confusion — and the lives of millions of Americans were changed. There can be no doubt that the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, in the beleaguered atmosphere of a Congressional hearing room, ended one era and began another. The vague misgivings of patriotic Americans suddenly found a focus. The thunderclap still echoes in the sound chamber of our contemporaneity. It cannot be drowned out by the chanting liberal medicine men as they repeat a litany of “witch hunt,” “guilt by association,” and “character assassination.” Hiss is the Lucifer of the liberals; they must either renounce him or follow him into Hell.

III

I lived the Hiss case, sitting through most of the two trials on the hard benches of the courtroom.

Scene by scene, act by act, I watched the drama develop. My vantage point was the wings, rather than the balcony, but it was not only this closeness which gave me a deep sense of personal involvement. Nor was it solely my sudden and responsive friendship with Whittaker Chambers which made the fateful inner voices of the Hiss case sing clearly above its orchestral hubbub. To mix the metaphor, the Hiss case was a catalyst which led to a precipitate of thinking — from the moment Chambers invoked history in the unlikely confines of a committee room.

What did the inner voices speak? What was the precipitate?

The nature of Communism; the nature of contemporary liberalism; the nature of faith; and from these, the nature of my conservatism. With one exception, there was no incandescent realization, no sudden empathy, but the understanding was rapid, cold, and distinct.

Until the Hiss case, I had grasped the surface manifestations of Communism — which are bad enough — and fought it as I had fought and opposed all tyranny and slavery. But tyranny, slavery, and the other forms of man's brutality are as old as man himself; the pyramids were not built on time-and-a-half; the wars of Christendom were not fought by angels. But Communism was more than the military application of economics, more than the firing squads, the suppression of human liberty. It was an all-inclu-

sive system making a total assault on man. Though Lenin said, "The whole is politics," he was merely sighting an outcropping. In Communism, the whole is man.

Kirilov, in Dostoevski's *The Possessed*, said: "If God did not exist, everything would be allowed." In conjoining Hegelian dialectic and classic materialism, the Communists disallowed God and allowed everything else. For the spirit which puts man on the other side of nature, the Communists substituted a theory of history. Against man's free will to choose between good and evil, they pitted the compulsion of this theory. And compulsion it is, frankly admitted. The French Communist critic, Roger Garaudy, once wrote: "The necessity that determines our acts . . . all the more compulsive because it is reasonable, is the highest form of freedom."

How could the liberals confute this vicious paradox? Agreeing with the Communists that all existence is matter and motion, they were bound to the wheel of Communist logic. Subscribing to all the theorems, they could only reject with half a heart the corollaries. Lacking any moral point of rest and rejecting the Judaeo-Christian mystique, they accepted this compulsive necessity and became tortured allies. "Never were we freer than under the German occupation," Jean-Paul Sartre said in a moment of lucid self-analysis. This is perhaps the epitaph of liberalism.

THE BEHAVIOR of the liberals during the Hiss case was a study in this compulsion. With little cries of anguish, they darted here and there looking for scraps of excuses to cover Hiss's guilt and their own nakedness. It was not that they particularly liked Hiss or the Communists. It was not even that they were astute enough to realize that if Hiss fell, he could bring down with him the whole structure of their brave new regimentation. Their defense of a traitor was compulsive. Like Pavlov's dog, they salivated when the red light flashed.

During the Hiss trial, the liberals violated every standard of taste and decency which they so loudly espoused. In the name of fair play, they attempted to destroy every person who helped strengthen the Government's case. They gathered together hysterically to distort and defame. They impugned the basic tenets of American law, discarded all faith in the jury system, and whenever possible they sought to subvert the course of justice. And when Hiss was convicted, they echoed the curious words of Marquis Childs, that it left a bad taste in his mouth — as well it might.

That conviction was their moment of decision. In that instant, they lost their amateur standing and became professionals in the new Popular Front. For the first time, the non-Communist left openly en-

listed in the ranks of those whose dedication was against, rather than for, the American tradition. The great outcry began then. Mobilizing their cousins in France and England, they became the quartermasters of the raw campaign to convince the world that America was foul.

But before this, I had begun to see where my road was leading me. And then, sitting alone in the depth of night, I heard the voice speaking. I needed no St. Anselm to translate its meaning. For though reason is the guide, there is beyond reason a burst of light which is the beacon to God. Without that light, man gropes and fumbles and whispers to the Devil. Life is pain, and man is a molecule — but with God, he has an eternity to grow.

In that effulgent moment, I knew that I was forevermore committed. I knew that though anti-Communism was the battle cry, it was but a single phrase in an endless war for man's soul. Beyond anti-Communism, there was man's courage, man's dignity, and self-contained within his duty to God, man's hope.

If the winter bivouac was wretched, if the cause was forlorn, I could take comfort from Isaiah's final words to the transgressors: "Their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh." The acres of freedom are cold, but all else is a cemetery.

THE LUXURY OF RETIREMENT

Can You Afford It?

BY HARRY E. MOELLER

ALMOST everyone dreams of retiring someday, but will you be able to afford it when the time comes?

The possibility of your living to a ripe old age improves with each passing year as medical science brings forth an ever-increasing number of new discoveries in its fight against disease. But if you want to enjoy the luxury of a pleasant and comfortable old age, you must plan for your retirement now during your productive years.

Recent studies by social scientists have emphasized the fact that most people fail to make adequate financial provision for their later years and find it necessary to go on working, at least part time. Or in many cases they find themselves dependent on others. In fact, Professor Edwin Witte, economist and one of the chief architects of the Social Security Act, has estimated that approximately three-quarters of all people over 65 have less than \$1,000 cash income a year.

This need not happen to you, however. For careful planning *now* can make your dream of carefree re-

tirement years — with an adequate income — a reality later on.

First of all, consider your life-expectancy. The figures on this page provide an indication of how long you may live, and therefore, how many years after you reach 65 — the usual retirement age — you need to make provision for.

<i>Your Age Now</i>	<i>Life-Expectancy</i>		<i>Retirement Years After Age 65</i>	
	MEN	WOMEN	MEN	WOMEN
20	69.3	74.2	4.3	9.2
30	70.0	74.6	5.0	9.6
40	70.9	75.3	5.9	10.3
50	72.6	76.4	7.6	11.4
55	73.9	77.3	8.9	12.3
60	75.5	78.3	10.5	13.3
65	77.4	79.6	12.4	14.6

(Source: Public Health Service)

Now estimate what you think it will be necessary for you to have in the way of financial income or resources to maintain your standard of living after you reach 65. For example, if \$2,500 a year is considered sufficient, you will need \$25,000 for an anticipated retirement period of ten years. And that is the amount

you must accumulate or have otherwise provided for by the time you are ready to retire.

That is certainly a lot of money, but your assets may also be much greater than you realize. Let's see how Michael Bennett of Providence, Rhode Island, recently worked out his retirement program. Mike and his wife are both 41 years of age. According to the life-expectancy tables, he will live 6 years beyond retirement, while his wife can look forward to 11 additional years. Their average life-expectancy of $8\frac{1}{2}$ years was multiplied by \$2,400, the amount they feel they need annually to maintain a reasonable standard of living, making a total requirement of \$20,400.

WHERE will this money come from? In the first place, there's social security. Mike Bennett has been under the Social Security Act for more than ten years. He is now earning \$300 a month and so will receive \$85 a month at the age of 65 plus \$42.50 for his wife, thus providing an annual income of \$1,530. At this point, Mike still will need an additional \$870 a year to make the \$2,400 he feels is necessary to maintain his standard of living.

He now has \$2,000 in a savings account. In addition, he has a twenty-year endowment policy which will bring him \$1,000 at the age of 60. After including these assets, Mike

found that he still had to provide \$4,400 for his retirement. Since he has 24 years in which to save this amount, Mike discovered that he need budget only \$184 a year for retirement purposes.

Of course, if the Bennetts put their savings to work in Government bonds at 3% interest, or into good corporate securities yielding 5% to 6%, the savings plan will be made that much easier. For compound interest will serve to increase their savings substantially over the next 24 years and thus enable them to enjoy an even richer life upon retirement. Or, should they be unable to continue the program in later years, the dividends and interest will carry it on for them. Only \$3,100 need be invested at 6% to provide the \$184 annually for their retirement plans. This added income could also serve as the source of the additional money which would be needed if either Mike or his wife should live more than the anticipated span of years.

So Mike Bennett is regularly putting aside \$184 out of his \$3,600 salary to provide for those golden years. This modest sum, together with the other assets, will enable him and his wife to enjoy a comfortable and carefree old age.

And the luxury of retirement to which the Bennetts can look forward may be yours as well — if you start making provision for it now.



The Beetlebung Tree

By NELLE MILLER CORKUM



ROUNDING the curve on Middle Road at Chilmark on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, I was intrigued by the sign, "Beetlebung Corner."

"What's that?" I asked my companion, who is a native of the island.

"Oh, that's the grove of Beetlebungs." She stopped the car to permit me to absorb the unique beauty of these strange trees.

At first glimpse, the grove permeates the distinct feeling of a consecrated place — nature's tabernacle. We stared silently, immersed in the profound feeling of reverence that is inspired by any grandeur of nature — the Giant Sequoias of the West Coast — the Grand Canyon.

In the Beetlebung, there is none of the towering majesty of the redwoods; rather there is an appearance of humility, as if the incessant wind had discouraged any lofty ambitions. The branches extend from the upper trunk like arms in a gesture of giving, or supplication. "But Beetlebung!" you think, "what a name!"

The name is like one of the island ticks: it keeps getting under your skin, pestering your imagination with questions. Who named it? And why? What was the use of the wood, if any?

You will not find *Beetlebung* in Webster's — nor in any of the encyclopedias. I know. I searched, determined to ferret out its origin. One authority says, "Who gave them the name of Beetlebung, one will never know, any more than we may know who christened the Finkle-trink . . ."

It might have been named by the Indians of the Algonquin tribe who were natives of the island when Bartholomew Gosnold came exploring in 1602 and named the place "Martha's Vineyard" for his mother-in-law. It might be one of those names which evolve over the years from the uses to which an article is put.

Whaling was taught the early settlers by the friendly Indians and became the most important industry

of the island and the source of much of the early wealth of New England. With the growth of that industry, as the whaling expeditions went farther afield, there had to be provisions made to reduce the blubber into whale oil, to seal that oil in barrels and casks so securely that they might be stored aboard ship until the whalers returned home from their perilous adventures. Those casks and barrels had to be of stout wood, and very important was the method of sealing those containers.

WHO discovered the best sealing method or who made the first perfect bungs for the whale oil casks, no one knows today. Probably many kinds of wood were tried before the perfect bung was achieved. Someone found that the hard wood of the Tupelo, referred to as Ironwood by the early English settlers, made the ideal bung for those barrels.

The wood also made the best mallets or beetles, as they were called, for driving the bungs into barrels to make a perfect seal. The Tupelo wood was not only tough and hard to work, but was found to have a very valuable property. It was unaffected by equatorial heat or Arctic freezing. There was no expansion or contraction in any weather.

Old men whose sailing days were over, and young boys not yet old enough to ship before the mast, formerly went to the woods to fell and limb the selected trees, then leave

them to season in the summer sun.

The "bungs" and "beetles" made so laboriously from the tough wood of the Tupelo were undoubtedly the source of the name, Beetlebung.

Today, the whaling industry, as it affected Martha's Vineyard, is a thing of the past; and the art of the whittler of beetles and bungs passed with the industry. But the Beetlebung trees are still congregated in a small circular grove like a huge umbrella or tent, at "Beetlebung Corner." There are a few scattered trees over the island, but the main grove is at the fork of the roads at Chilmark on the way to Gay Head and to Menemsha Harbor, where the lobster and swordfish fleets sail in at sunset.

In autumn, the Beetlebungs contribute their share of beauty, a brilliant red leaf, which, when picked, turns dark, like dried blood.

The Beetlebung is indirectly a Tupelo, *Nyssa multiflora*, of the dogwood family, said to be named after the wood nymph, Nyssa, because of her preference for moist locations. The Indian name was Tupebo. Others refer to it loosely as Pepperidge, black or sour gum.

Henry Beetle Hough, editor of Martha's Vineyard *Gazette*, stated to this writer, "As far as is known, Martha's Vineyard Island is the only

place in the world where you may find the 'Beetlebung Tree'." But the whittlers and the sailing-ship whalers cannot be found at all.





THE GABORS

Glamour's THEIR RACKET

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

ONCE upon a time there were three little glamour girls and they were strictly from Hungary. Their name was Gabor and they came from Budapest, and after a while they were known as Bores and they sure became Pests. You can get too much of anything, even glamour, and so far as the Gay-Bores are concerned, I think we've had it.

When the passion for publicity is so intense that one Gabor — Zsa Zsa — still married to her fourth husband — will exploit a black eye from a man on the eve of his marriage to another woman, brag in headlines about his "love" for her, his inability to get along without her, and predict with gloating glee the probable early break-up of his fourth marriage to a fifth-time bride — I say, we've had it. Anyway, I've had it. When Zsa Zsa horned in on the circus-wedding of rich but unhappy Barbara Hutton-M'divani-Reventlow-Grant-Troubetzkoy to Porfirio Rubirosa, the dark Dominican diplomat, short-term husband

to three other beauties, and notorious on two continents as a boudoir problem, even Zsa Zsa went too far for me.

I said there were three little Gabors — Magda, Zsa Zsa and Eva. Actually, there's a fourth, Mama Jolie, for the girls would be nothing without Mama, who made them what they are; and Mama can still give her girls a handicap of two columns and a banner headline on page one and romp home ahead of them. Mama divorced Papa Gabor in 1940. She married William Peter Christmas, an American restaurant man, in 1947, but it didn't take. After the divorce, Christmas said sadly, "You don't have to be crazy to marry into the Gabor family, but it helps." Shortly after this, Mama was named "the other woman" in a divorce suit brought by one Dorothy Kelen d'Oxylion, sometimes known as Dorothy Waring, a playwright and former undercover agent. What made Mama and the girls madder than anything about that was that the newspapers reported Mama's age as 60. See what I mean? There's no substitute for experience, I always say. And there's nothing like a Hungarian background to make a

girl a success in the glamour business.

Any day, in the good old days before the war, a casual look at the personal column in newspapers like Budapest's *Az Uszag* and the *Pesti Naplo* would reveal something like this: "Gentleman traveling to Paris desires charming young lady to accompany him. Reply to Box OU — 16." Budapest was like that: full of amorous men and beautiful women, all charming, some perfidious; and there was no inhibiting, European version of the Mann Act to get in the way of romantic adventure. Budapest was hot stuff before Hitler and the Communists; in fact, Paris was a puritanical town in comparison. And Budapest is the city where the glamorous Gabors grew up.

PAPA Vilmos (William) Gabor is 74 now, married again and living in a furnished room in Budakeszi, a small town near Budapest. He came here, too, but after three years returned to Hungary on a desperate note — "I cannot keep up with my daughters. Better I should go back to Hungary and try to sell the family land and properties." In pre-World War II days he owned a couple of jewelry shops and real estate. However, the Hungarian capital had a rigid caste system which excluded shopkeepers and their families from top-drawer society. Papa's shopkeeper blood had a low boiling point and he was content with this. Not Mama. Mama Gabor had no in-

tention of wasting the superlative beauty of her three lovelies on dull husbands and middle-class security. When Papa Gabor began to talk about a dowry for each girl, their mother scoffed.

"Dowry? Who wants a man who wants a dowry?" she sniffed.

She spent the money instead in educating and training the girls to be Continental charmers. Most Europeans speak another language in addition to their own. The Gabors learned several tongues, but Mama never let their tutors interfere with the accents that most men and all their husbands and many swains were to find so charming and irresistible — for a while. Mama saw to it that the girls had lessons in the social sports. "They can skate, swim, ride, play tennis," she said. "Not too much to make the big muscles, but enough to be a charming companion to a man," she added forthrightly.

Mama's foresight and investment paid off. Despite Budapest's rigid social code, all four Gabor women flashed around in big expensive foreign cars and had magnificent furs and clothes and jewels. All the while Papa Gabor tended store.

It must be said for the Gabors, however, that they are no languid beauties content merely to charm and capture rich men. True, they've married rich men. But sometimes they married men they just thought were rich, and sometimes they just married men. Always, though, they all work hard at their careers, and

they have probably made as much money from their own efforts since they came to America as they have realized from alimony or settlements.

Eva, the baby of the family, arrived here first. She and Zsa Zsa escaped from Hungary in 1938. By then Zsa Zsa had been married twice; first, at 14, in an elopement Mama had annulled as soon as she caught up with the runaway pair. Her second husband was Burhan Belge, a Turkish diplomat whom she divorced before she left Europe.

EVA didn't linger in New York on her arrival, but went to Hollywood with her psychiatrist husband, Dr. Eric V. Drimmer. She shed him via divorce two years later. By this time she was in the movies and caught up in that game Hollywood plays best — musical chairs — except that they play it with husbands instead of furniture. Eva has an undeniable talent for acting and she must have learned a lot about business from her second husband, Charles Isaacs, a real estate man whose wife she was for six years — some kind of record.

After their divorce she bought in New York an imposing five-story house overlooking the best part of Central Park, and turned it into apartments. In that period, too, she had an important role in the Rodgers and Hammerstein show, "The Happy Time." She's just published a book, *Orchids and Salami*.

The title was the happy inspiration of some zany who got hungry while calling on her one night and went to the icebox for a snack. There was nothing in the frigidaire except a roll of good, garlicky Hungarian salami and about \$500 worth of orchids.

Zsa Zsa, the middle Gabor, is the most beautiful, the best known, the least inhibited, the most times married. She is a real beauty with exquisite, luminous skin, naturally red hair which she wears blonde mostly (because it's better that way on TV), a luscious figure, and real style. She never goes in for cheesecake — too much leg-showing — or vulgar, plunging necklines, but is always exquisitely dressed and groomed. Her accent is strong enough for a man to chin himself on, and she speaks fractured English — things like "Wasn't that sillily of me" and "I'm temperamentfully inclined that way." She has a lifetime supply of schemes and ideas for getting ahead, and all the equipment for putting them to work. She is as strong as a horse, as quiet as a tornado, and as sexy and feminine as a — well, as a Gabor.

She's on good terms with her third husband, Conrad Hilton, the millionaire hotel owner, by whom she had the only child in the family, which makes Mama a grandmama. And she's the only Gabor to have met her match with a man, in the person of her fourth husband, George Sanders, the movie star,

known far and wide as “the perfumed sneer.” Zsa Zsa, despite the fact that Sanders did the unthinkable, the incredible, the unimaginable — he walked out on *her* — loves George. She keeps saying so.

ZSA ZSA, like her sisters, will try anything — movies, night club appearances, testimonials for ads, radio, TV, selling, anything to make a buck. Her latest is department store appearances, for she’s well aware of other women’s curiosity about her and makes that pay off, too. Right after Lover Boy Porfirio gave her the most publicized black eye in America, she signed up for a series of department store appearances in four cities — Philadelphia, New York, Hartford and Boston — to plug a line of cotton dresses. In staid old Boston, in one of their staidest old department stores, she was the commentator at two fashion shows on one of the coldest days in the year. The SRO sign went up early, and a total of 1,200 women, no men, crowded in to gawk at her and sit on the edge of their chairs, fascinatedly straining to decipher her accent. The store’s vice president reported she’d won everyone completely, and the store happily toted up sixteen pages of newspaper publicity from Zsa Zsa’s well-paid appearances.

But the Gabors have only started.

Jane and Betty Kean, a phenomenally successful comedy sister team, have been doing a take-off on them

for a year now, in night clubs all over the country. Their funny act was the inspiration for a musical comedy Anita Loos is writing now for production in New York next fall, a musical called “The Great Caresse” which might also be subtitled “Life With the Gabors.”

This is fame — or notoriety, take your choice — and the Gabors have it. Zsa Zsa has more of this, too, than the others, but let’s not overlook Magda, either, in this saga of the *femmes fatales* from the Old Country who made good in the New World. Magda, the eldest, the one Mama says is the “lady” of the family, is in partnership with her mother in the successful, expensive costume jewelry shop they operate on Madison Avenue (New York’s Rue de la Paix), in the fashionable Sixties, around the corner from the fine town house they own.

Magda has had three husbands. The first one was the Polish count, Jean Byshowski. Her second was William Rankin, a Hollywood screen writer, married after a weekend meeting. That idyll lasted six months but never say die. Just two years later, Magda eloped again, this time with Sidney B. Warren, a New York attorney, who, alas, wasn’t Mr. Right either, because by 1951 they were living apart.

It was Magda who said plaintively one day, “It’s not that we’ve been divorced so often; it’s just that it seems a lot because there are four of us, including Mama, of course.”



IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION

It's Hard to Keep the Dog Out of the House

BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

You will recall that the beloved mutt of your childhood invariably found a way to get back into the warm kitchen after Mother's admonition to "get that dog out of the house!"

He might get in through the window, a cellar door, between Dad's legs when he started to the office, or through the carelessness of the kids.

The reason for his success was obvious and simple.

The dog worked at getting into the house twenty-four hours a day. He was patient and tireless. He had nothing else to do. He would use any method available

to accomplish this end. So it is with Communism. (By which is meant no reflection on the dogs.)

Both are bursting with the determination to get where they want to go — a determination implemented by a full bag of tricks.

For years a complacent America has watched Communists burrow their way into the most sensitive areas of our government, our armed forces, and schools, our industry and labor, in fact every phase of our national life that would serve them and their objectives.

Hundreds of their agents are

TO OUR READERS

We believe the above article by Mr. Maguire makes sense. If you agree, why not send it to your Senator or Congressman with your opinion?

The Editors

luxuriously camped in our drawing room — where they have found security and a perfect cover in the United Nations.

Of course, we have not been too alert about shutting the cellar door or locking the back screen and the front door, and they have taken the fullest advantage of our national negligence.

Let there be a stop to this.

Let our Congress outlaw the Communist Party.

Let us withdraw recognition of godless Russia.

Let them pass stringent laws to protect our people and our country from infiltration, espionage, sabotage, and treason.

Let us stop finding fault with and belittling the Jenners, McCarthys, and Veldes, and give to them the support they merit and need.

One Communist in America is too many.



For Those in Slave Camps Today

Oh, God in whom we place our Trust
Whose every act is Right and Just
Who formed Man from the very dust
And breathed in him the Breath of Life —
For those in Slave Camps, Lord have pity!

We pray for Souls under the heel
Of tyrants — those who feel
The cruel lash, the bite of steel
Cold, starvation, and untimely Death —
For those in Slave Camps, Lord have pity!

Hold in derision those that Thee defy
Unbare Thy Mighty Arm and from on high
Hurl Thunderbolts of Wrath to terrify
Those who would ravish Thy People —
For those in Slave Camps, Lord have pity!

Open the prison doors and set the captives free
Shed Thy Light Thy Glory all may see
Blast from this earth all brutal tyranny
Hell's own brand of inhumanity —
For those in Slave Camps, Lord have pity!

— MELVILLE CLEMENS BARNARD

SAFEGUARDING THE NATION'S HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS



BY JOHN L. KENT

IF YOU have trouble finding a place at home for the safekeeping of important papers such as defense bonds, birth and marriage certificates, and insurance policies, you will appreciate the problem faced by the Federal Government.

Let's go behind the scenes and see how safekeeping is done on a really big scale.

As a precaution against loss or damage, Uncle Sam is storing in the National Archives Building priceless documents which figure in the history of the United States. This building is an imposing "strong box" in downtown Washington, D. C.

It is probably the world's largest repository of historical papers and records. In its sixteen years of existence, it has accumulated nearly 900,000 cubic feet of records. This is equivalent to about 150,000 four-drawer filing cabinets; if the material were bound, it would make a library of twenty million volumes.

Established as an independent agency by act of Congress in 1934, the National Archives in 1949 became a part of the General Services Administration, the Federal Government's "housekeeping" agency.

The National Archives exists to serve this and future generations by safeguarding for their use the evi-

dence of our national experience embodied in the permanently valuable records of the Federal Government.

To do this, Wayne C. Grover, the Archivist of the United States, and his staff select for preservation a core of valuable records. At the same time they help dispose of records of only temporary usefulness. This last function saves the Government considerable storage charges which would otherwise be paid for keeping records of little value.

No official or agency of the Government can legally destroy or dispose of public records except in the manner prescribed by law. To avoid the inadvertent destruction of valuable material, most agencies formerly held on to it. This cost money. Now the Archivist is empowered to appraise the documents in terms of their value to the Government, scholars, and others.

He submits to the Congress lists of such records which do not have sufficient value to warrant their preservation. When Congress approves, the records are destroyed or otherwise disposed of.

Records in the National Archives date back to the National Revolutionary War. Most of them are dated from 1789 to 1939. About 65,000 cubic feet of records are of World War II.

The holdings include nearly 900,000 maps, more than 50,000 reels of motion-picture films, over 500,000 sound recordings, several million still pictures, in addition to at least a billion documents. Included in the carefully kept collection are the German and Japanese World War II surrender documents, the original laws passed by Congress from 1789 to 1947, as well as international treaties, Indian treaties, land-grant papers, pension records, and historical correspondence of the State and Defense departments and other government units.

MOST of the records consist of paper documents, all of which require extensive preparation before they can be stored.

When they arrive at the Archives Building, paper records are first thoroughly fumigated in their original shipping containers to kill insects and mold.

To remove folds and wrinkles from old, and therefore brittle, paper, the National Archives uses a special mechanically humidified room. Here the paper is dampened so that it may be unfolded and straightened without danger of tearing the paper. An ordinary electrically heated household mangle, or an electric hand iron, is used to press the damp sheets.

Torn or brittle papers must be mended and reinforced. Most ordinary methods of reinforcing, such as backing with thin silk gauze, or facing with almost transparent Japa-

nese tissue, add strength, but do not increase permanence. Moreover, backing, facing, and adhesives increase thickness. This is an important consideration to the Archives, since extra bulk requires more storage space.

Archives specialists found that the best method is laminating — a technique which applies a thin, protective plastic cover without adhesive, using a transparent thermoplastic sheet or foil that looks like cellophane. These foils soften under heat and are forced into the fibers of the paper by pressure exerted by a steam-heated hydraulic press. Since the paper is firmly bonded between these plastic sheets, it is preserved as well as reinforced.

Guides, lists and indexes are prepared for visitors and a trained reference staff is ready to aid searchers in finding and using the material desired.

The National Archives is equipped to provide photostats and microfilm copies of documents, and will authenticate such copies under an official seal.

Reproductions are furnished to the public at cost. Historic documents in great demand, such as the Bill of Rights, have been reproduced in facsimile for sale by mail.

Thus the records or the information in them are made available for use in the business of the Government and the service of the people, and yet are preserved for future generations.

Pranks for the Memory

By WILLIAM E. MILES

SOME WAG once remarked that practical jokes are probably so called because somebody is practically always pulling one and somebody else is practically always getting hurt. It's true that most of them are just about as funny as the crutch on which the victim hobbles to work the next day. Others, however, are more imaginative exercises in harmless hilarity — best exemplified, perhaps, by the zany antics of Hugh Troy, an illustrator, of Washington, D. C.

Several years ago, when Troy was living in New York, he purchased twenty dollars worth of "jewelry" from a five-and-dime store and painstakingly removed the bits of glass that were intended to resemble rubies, diamonds and emeralds. He placed them in a small valise and sauntered up Fifth Avenue. In front of the old Tiffany's, he released the catch of the valise and hundreds of glittering stones cascaded to the sidewalk. It took police half an hour to bring the rioting crowds under control.

Troy's most famous prank followed the purchase of a park bench that was an exact duplicate of the kind used by the city. He spent

many merry hours hauling it in and out of Central Park — happily waving his bill of sale after police hauled him off to the hoosegow. On another occasion, Troy outfitted a group of friends in work clothes and supervised their job of digging a two-foot trench across a busy New York street. Police obligingly diverted traffic for two days and even helped Troy hang red warning flags at each end of the ditch — until they discovered the whole elaborate project was a hoax.

Once, after attaching an artificial hand to his sleeve, Troy took a trip through the Holland Tunnel. After fastening his toll ticket between the plastic fingers, he whizzed by the collection station — leaving both ticket and hand in the grasp of a horrified attendant.

A favorite stunt of another Manhattan madcap, Brian G. Hughes, was to board a crowded trolley during the rush hour and impersonate a deaf mute. While a long line of passengers formed behind him, clamoring to pay their fares, Hughes would slowly and deliberately write a note for the conductor: "Does this car go to Yonkers?" The sympathetic conductor would take the pencil and

write patiently in reply that this particular car did not go to Yonkers. Hughes would write again: "Where can I get a car for Yonkers?" Again the conductor — harassed by the shouts of the other passengers and the indignant honking of horns as traffic jammed behind the trolley — would write detailed instructions on how to get to Yonkers. Hughes would then put on his glasses, read the directions slowly, put the glasses back in his pocket, and remark to the conductor in a perfectly normal voice: "That's funny. A fellow on the corner told me that this car would take me to Yonkers."

THE late Alexander Woollcott was another wag who was ready to perpetrate a practical joke at practically any time. His name was submitted as a reference when Dorothy Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, wanted to open an account at a Philadelphia department store. The store soon received a letter expressing hope that such credit would be extended, adding this fervent plea: "Surely Dorothy Parker's position in American letters is such as to make shameful the petty refusals which she and Alan have encountered at so many hotels, restaurants and department stores. What if you never get paid? Why shouldn't you stand your share of the expense? Yours truly, Alexander Woollcott."

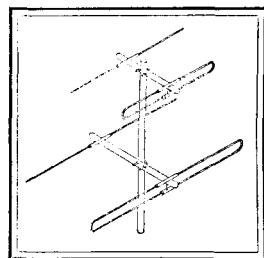
Charles Lederer, the movie writer, was the unwitting victim of one of

his own practical jokes. He parked a motorcycle outside his house and went inside to telephone a girl friend who lived only a few blocks away. Getting her on the wire, he said: "Hello, darling. Hold the line a minute." His plan was to speed to her home on the motorcycle and surprise her while she was still waiting at the telephone. On his way there, however, he collided with a truck and spent the next month in a hospital.

Hecht himself, in a waggish mood, once bought several copies of a highly technical tome in a second-hand book store. The book, hopelessly dull and unindexed, was over a thousand pages long. Hecht mailed copies to a select list of self-inflated acquaintances, with this note: "You will be amused, although possibly slightly offended, by the references to you in this volume." A frantic Hollywood reading spree was reported to have gone on for days!

Ted Husing, the sports announcer, got a real "dressing down" from two practical-joking playmates. While he was airing a program from a broadcasting booth, the friends sneaked in and — aware that he couldn't interrupt the broadcast — divested him of his shirt, trousers, shoes and socks. After leaving him stripped down to his underwear, they sneaked out again — smack into a group of sight-seers. As an afterthought, they told the visitors: "Be sure to drop in at Studio C. Husing is giving one of his most unusual performances."

HOW TV MOLDS YOUR MIND



By

**HAROLD LORD
VARNEY**

THE pressure groups are all knocking at the doors of television these days. Along Madison Avenue, in Radio City, wherever the TV clan gather, the talk is of well-heeled newcomers who are "just about" to invade video. Big Labor, church "liberals," Stevenson Democrats, world government promoters, social-slanted foundations, figure prominently in this scuttlebut. Few of these aspirants will "arrive" in television. But they are all feverishly trying.

That top-flight uplifters are gazing hungrily at TV is easily understandable. Video is the answer to the thought-controller's dream. No comparable instrument for overnight capture of the American mind has ever existed. Change-the-worlders, accustomed to the dribbling results of old-style handout publicity

techniques, gaze almost with awe upon a medium which can win millions by a few well administered shock treatments.

The spectacle of Dick Nixon talking in a single telecast to 50 million people and drawing a response of two million letters and telegrams staggers the propaganda imagination. Estes Kefauver's quick emergence from leaden obscurity when his crime probe hippodrome attracted 20 million TV viewers was a preview of what can happen. Arthur Godfrey's near idolatry by millions of American housewives stirs emulation. The idea brokers, who do the heavy thinking for the pressure groups, are all speculating in video terms today.

Is TV oversold, in the wake of all this build-up? There are convincing reasons for believing that it is not.

The ultimate potential of television is the great unanswered question of American politics. Those closest to the new medium will admit that the long-range possibilities of TV are frightening. A nation of TV gazers — and there are now over 20,000,000 sets in multiple use — is a set-up for a new-style demagogue who has mastered television's unique art of folksy, sincerity-loaded talk. A pluralistic nation could be reduced to a dead one-mindedness in an incredibly short time. So far we have had experience with television only in the tranquil, politically united years since 1946. The real test, insiders admit, will come when America faces a major crisis. When we contemplate what a power-motivated TV idol could have done to us during the frightened, drifting days of 1931 and 1932, had television been existent, the thought sobers us.

Not that there is anyone on the scene today who fits the specifications of a television Pied Piper. The big names in TV today are all men who are staunchly in the American tradition. The man who can use television to subvert American institutions has not appeared. But his coming is not a far-fetched fancy.

RADIO, in its day, gave us a foretaste of what the air waves could do. Radio produced a Father Coughlin, a Will Rogers, an H. V. Kaltenborn. It also gave us that master of the kilocycles, Franklin D. Roosevelt. It showed us the in-

comparable superiority of the ether over the printed page as a medium of mass influence. But radio, in its lushest days, was but a pale likeness of what television is becoming today.

Advertising researchers tell us that the impact of TV upon its audiences stands in a ratio of 5 to 1 in comparison with radio. The comparison has been worked out demonstrably in terms of sales results of TV and radio commercials. In the realm of ideas, there is no reason to suppose that the influence of TV is in a smaller ratio. The experience of radio broadcasters who have made the leap from sound to sight bears out the thesis. TV's uncanny power of persuasion is understandable when we consider the extraordinary intimacy between the speaker and the listener which the television screen achieves. At one leap, television has eliminated all the distracting factors which formerly stood between the radio broadcaster, or the author of the printed page, and his public. Every television program is a magnified fireside chat. As Walter Cronkite has put it, TV has "an X-ray quality" which bridges every gap between the telecaster and his public.

Who are the big names in television who have impact on ideas? A quick run-down of the stand-out TV successes will throw some revealing light upon what TV is likely to do to American thinking, when it actually hits its stride.

In the first rank stand six figures

— all graduates of radio — who have already mastered the hard techniques of the new medium to achieve enormous mass followings. None of these men have conscious power complexes. But each, in his own way, has become a mover and shaker of national mass thinking.

Probably first on any list of contemporary TV idea personalities is Edward R. Murrow. On any scale of ideology, Murrow would probably grade slightly left of center. His is the most influential voice on the air waves today which still speaks in terms of the old undiluted Rooseveltian New Deal. But so phenomenally successful has he been in implanting a self-picture of scrupulous, high-minded sincerity, that the Murrow public includes enormous numbers of conservatives as well as liberals.

Murrow has labored skillfully to win recognition as the moral conscience of television. Millions accept him in this role. An indication of how he impresses his closest co-workers was the burlesque formation of a "We Don't Think Murrow Is God Club" among CBS staff members. The gesture was made in comedy, but it lifts the curtain upon the humorless seriousness with which the "See It Now" genius carries himself in the studios.

Because he is accepted by Right and Left alike as above the battle, Murrow has been able to come up with some extraordinary TV coups. Most impressive was his almost single-handed reversal of the De-

fense Department's Radulovich decision. Radulovich, an Air Force Reserve Lieutenant, was brought up before the Air Force Security Board when it was disclosed that both his father and sister had been active in Communist work. He was asked to repudiate his family. When he declined to do so, the Board recommended his dismissal, as a security risk.

Murrow leaped onto the center of the stage by booking Radulovich for his "See It Now" program. In a setting drenched in civil liberties overtones, Radulovich stated his case. The deluge of letters and telegrams that burst upon the Defense Department after the Murrow performance shook Washington. Secretary of Air Talbott bowed to the storm and dismissed the charges against Radulovich. It was a staggering exhibition of what Murrow is able to do through television when he speaks out.

MURROW's personal slant seldom creeps through the studied pose of objectivity with which he presents his technically polished program. When it does, Murrow gets his effects through subtle shadings of emphasis and omission.

There was the instance of the "See It Now" program on the Bricker Amendment. On its surface, Murrow moderated this program with correct impartiality. Senators Bricker and Kefauver, who shared the first fifteen minutes, had equal time for

their pro and con statements. The skillful Murrow hand was shown in the panel of law experts who followed. The Deans of Harvard and Georgetown Law Schools attacked and defended the amendment with equal effectiveness. Then Murrow stacked the cards. He presented as the final speaker, to close the discussion and leave the lasting impression, former Justice Owen J. Roberts of the U. S. Supreme Court, a rabid world government advocate and bitter foe of the amendment.

An uninformed listener would have risen with the impression that the weight of legal opinion was against Bricker. Murrow conveniently slurred over the overwhelming fact that the American Bar Association, representing the whole body of American lawyers, was heavily for the amendment, and had collaborated in its drafting.

Or there was the instance of the Indianapolis American Civil Liberties Union-American Legion controversy which Murrow reproduced on "See It Now." Ostensibly, Murrow showed this as a human document mirroring the cross-currents of American life. Nowhere did he take sides, personally. The clever twist, by which he got across the impression that the ACLU was on the side of Americanism in the clash, was by putting the principal statement for the ACLU into the mouth of a Catholic priest — admittedly, a rare occurrence. Although nothing derogatory was said about the Legion,

it was difficult for the viewer to miss the point that "See It Now" was saying that the good people of Indianapolis were on the ACLU side. The whole effect of the showing was to give a black eye to the Legion's Americanization program. Murrow is a past master of such lower-register effects.

Usually, Murrow is on the side of the angels. That he satisfies some innate American longing for ethical grace notes in news telecasting is shown by his Nielson rating of 15.8 — surprisingly high for a "think" program. By his television magic touch, Murrow has made himself a power to be reckoned with in future American political debates.

ANOTHER phenomenon of television is Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. Armed with the radio know-how of 25 years on the Catholic Hour, Bishop Sheen made the transition to television with ease. On video his stature has grown stupendously.

The Bishop has proved to be a TV natural. He literally has everything. A magnetic voice, a sure sense of timing and change of pace, the gift of humor, an intuitive understanding of the human heart, Bishop Sheen brings to television a superb equipment for persuasion. As he steps before the camera in his purple robe and black cassock, he is a striking figure. One of the few top raters on the air who talks extemporaneously, there is a refreshing spon-

taneity in his act that is rare in the over-rehearsed television world.

The Bishop does not talk politics; what he does talk is an invigorating Americanism. One of the most effective critics of Communism now working, his program is a weekly polemic against Communist lies. A high Catholic churchman, Sheen has achieved the difficult feat of creating a telecast which is non-sectarian: he never mentions the Catholic ritual or criticizes Protestantism. His air audience includes large numbers of Protestants: many Protestants and many unbelievers are among the 8,500 people who write to him after each telecast.

If the Catholic Church has contributed Bishop Sheen to TV's top talent, Protestantism has contributed Billy Graham. Not yet at the top of his television and radio form, Graham talks to 10,000,000 TV and radio hearers. Admittedly, his air appearances are still secondary to the fabulous evangelistic rallies in which he has personally addressed eight million Americans in the last five years. But once he is established in a TV "hour" comparable to Bishop Sheen's "Life is Worth Living," he will grow as a television influence.

Billy Graham is one of the great church showmen of his age. With his incalculable church following, he is already recognized by political trend-readers as one of the nation's public opinion powers. Only 35, he has years of expanding influence ahead of him.

It is ironic, to the Left Wing brethren, that the two churchmen who have attained the first rank in television, Fulton J. Sheen and Billy Graham, are both religious and political conservatives. Graham is a fundamentalist, an ordained minister of the Southern Baptist Convention, one of the few major Protestant denominations which have remained outside the Social Gospel-ruled National Council of the Churches of Christ. It is deeply significant that the most dynamic Protestant voice in radio and television is not the anti-anti-Communist G. Bromley Oxnam but the virile, Communist-hating Billy Graham.

In terms of influence, Walter Winchell has succeeded in reaching a status in TV comparable to his radio high mark. His Sunday night simultaneous TV-and-radio quarter hour is still the news climax of the week. Winchell's Broadwayized staccato style is a natural for television. Although he has been the target of a two-year lynching party by the Josephine Bakers, Lyle Stuarts, and Barry Grays, WW has held his vast following and has added new listeners and viewers.

Ideologically, he has been the anchor man for the anti-Communist center throughout the hard fight to purge Communism from the Government. He has held his position in the face of continuous drumfire from many of his former eulogists. Winchell has been right on the Truman-Marshall blunders, right on

Hiss, right on MacArthur, right on Joe McCarthy. It is not pleasant to think what a man in his position of radio and TV influence could have done during the last eight years to confuse the American people if he had wobbled on these key issues.

DREW PEARSON, once running neck-and-neck with Winchell in radio, has not made the transition to TV so successfully. An early TV convert, Pearson has had constant sponsor trouble in the new medium. His headline-seeking crusade against Senator McCarthy in 1951-52 back-fired disastrously against him when he was dropped by his sponsor. Back on TV again in January, 1954, his new interview pattern lacks the heavy punch which his radio programs packed in his heyday years of the late forties. He has never quite emerged from the guilt complex which followed the tragic death of James V. Forrestal.

But Pearson, a showman to his finger tips, cannot be counted out. He still holds an immense national audience through his Merry-Go-Round column, his radio broadcasts, and TV. With Murrow, he is the principal hope of the Left Wing to maintain a strong foothold in TV. Pearson is shrewd enough to rock with the punch and to mouth all the prevailing anti-Communist phrases, despite his curious past as an avid user of Communist pipelines. But he holds the Left by his consistent anti-anti-Communism. His hold on

the top rank is precarious, but he still has a finger grasp.

In this company of newscasters and radio clergy, the name of Arthur Godfrey may seem incongruous. But Godfrey belongs in such a group because he is one of the nation's most astute opinion shapers. His political ideas are never spelled out: they are dropped unobtrusively, like an ad lib filler, in the course of his non-stop monologues. They are all the more effective because they have the air of the impromptu.

But if anyone imagines that these Godfrey asides are unpremeditated, he is a political babe in the woods. Godfrey has his fingers in more high-level political soundings than any other MC on the air. A sitter in the earliest Eisenhower-for-President councils, together with his close friend Charles Erwin Wilson, and a companion of Bernard N. Baruch in the 1951 trip to Paris to consult the General, Godfrey played a key role in all the maneuverings which sent Ike to the White House. But he never openly plugged Eisenhower on his radio and TV programs. He got his effects by a calculated mention of the Eisenhower name in favorable connotations in his talks to his 40,000,000 hearers. The Arthur fans got the point.

All in all, Godfrey's influence is put behind the right causes. He has none of the Pecksniffian snivel about do-gooder programs and movements which was so popular among radio personalities about the time he was

breaking into the big show. He has the courage to speak out firmly when his sense of fair play is outraged, as he did in the face of the protests against the Mariners. But he has never fallen for the Communist booby traps, nor for their fellow travelers.

WHEN we take leave of these six top names, we turn to a second-level group of TV personalities whose impact upon public opinion is important. They are such men as Ted Collins, whose genial "Cracker Box" brings VIPs of all political shadings before the vast Kate Smith daytime audience. Collins is known in the profession as a square shooter: he neither loads his questions nor stacks his programs. His "Cracker Box" is the nearest thing to an unbiased discussion program that is now on the air.

There is Tex McCrary, a sourer telecaster, whose desperate clutch on the Eisenhower coat tails has been a hair shirt to Ike's smarter advisers.

There is Elmer Davis, a recent switch to TV, whose Mid-Western folksiness conceals an acute mind, 100 per cent devoted to the return of the New Deal.

There is John Daly, middle-of-the-roader in the ideological battle, whose TV star is in the sharp ascendant.

There is John Cameron Swayze, whose five million viewers on the Camel News Caravan hear a slick, expert capsuling of the news which

gives little hint of the political slants of the telecaster.

Scarcely secondary to the top-flight telecasters, in impact on public opinion, is the panel show. Here Lawrence Spivak's "Meet the Press," polished by years in radio, is pre-eminent. Spivak, an old-school, pre-Keynesian liberal, has survived his many imitators because he never stacks the cards against his guest speakers. The questioners are usually ahead of the guest, but Spivak is too good a showman to present a panel which plays the same record. Among his frequent panelists are such Left Wingers or New Dealers as Marquis Childs, Raymond Brandt, Ernest K. Lindley, and James Wechsler. When he perceives that the questioning is verging toward the one-sided, he injects himself into the situation to restore balance.

"Meet the Press" and its imitators have introduced a new hazard into the life of our statesmen — the necessity of running the handicap of the prepared TV questioner. If the panel show lacks the authoritative-ness of the individual top-flight telecaster, it is politically important because it takes the blah-blah out of political oratory. It is conceivable that at least two of the Presidents of the last four decades would never have reached the White House if they had first sat under the searching, TV-exhibited questioning of Mr. Spivak and his panelists.

Our inventory of television's thought programs presents little

which can awake immediate mis-giving. Slowly, experimentally, TV is moving toward a new type of idea dissemination, and a new type of disseminator.

The telecasters who have made the most spectacular strikes in the new medium — Bishop Sheen, Edward R. Murrow, Arthur Godfrey, Walter Winchell — are American-minded men who come to TV with a deep sense of their responsibility as interpreters of the American mind.

It is the long-range implication of TV "think" programming which compels a sober second view. TV is a medium of such incalculable po-

tentiality in thought control that Americans cannot be indifferent to its changing face. Today it is generally following the broad opinion tides of the American people. Its shaping personalities are men with the exceptional gift of giving voice to the prevailing national mood.

The danger point can come when and if TV becomes a leader and not a follower of the opinion tide. It can come when the Pied Piper will emerge with the proposal to direct us *away* from our free institutions.

That danger point is not in sight, but Americans will be wise to keep up their vigil.



"You were right about Gwendolyn. I came in to thank you for not putting her name on my chest!"

3-X •



The Man Behind the Gun

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

JUNE 12, 1930, was a hectic day in the editorial rooms of the New York *Evening Journal*. The Jack Sharkey-Max Schmeling fight had been staged the night before. William J. "Jingle" Lingle, police reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, had been shot to death. A New York City official had been accused of soliciting a bribe. And the body of one Joseph Mozynski had been found in his automobile at the dead end of a dirt road in suburban College Point, Queens, murdered under mysterious circumstances.

So, it was late that afternoon before the *Journal's* city editor, Amster Spiro, had an opportunity to look at his mail. As he glanced through the notices of forthcoming luncheons, banquets, civic meetings, and press releases, he came upon a piece of pink stationery which caught his eye. It was a note which read:

City Editor: Kindly print this letter in your paper for Mozynski's friends.
C C N Y ADCM-Y 16 A — D QR
— P.A 241 PM6 Queens. By doing

this, you may save their lives. And the women may know where the missing papers are and who has them since they were given to Mozynski. We do not want any more shooting unless we have to.

The letter was signed "3-X, The Man Behind the Gun."

The city editor pushed it aside — just another crank letter. Then, suddenly, two things clicked. First, the name Mozynski, and then the fact that the letter had been mailed in Brooklyn a few hours after the murder had been committed — and before the body had been found! The city editor leaped to his feet and shouted to a nearby reporter, "Paul — read this! Get everybody out to College Point!"

Reporters and photographers descended upon College Point, and police, post office inspectors and fingerprint experts invaded the office of the *Evening Journal*. But nothing happened. Reporters and police were baffled. There were not many clues: a blood-stained,

woman's velvet coat; and a photograph of a pretty woman found in the dead man's wallet. Mozynski operated a delicatessen in College Point. His brother Andrew told a *Journal* reporter he suspected Joseph of having had an extra-marital date — and Andrew, it proved, was right.

THE first break in the case came when police — aided by the velvet coat and the photograph — located Mozynski's girl friend. She told a straightforward story: Mozynski had parked his car at the dead end of a dirt road facing a small woods between Cross Island and Willets Boulevards, Queens. Suddenly a man appeared beside the car and ordered Mozynski to get into the front seat. Then, gun in hand, he slipped in beside the girl and told Mozynski to start the car.

As Mozynski stepped on the starter the gunman fired a bullet into the storekeeper's head, behind the right ear; and as Mozynski spun around, mouth open, the killer shot him in the mouth. The killer opened the front door and the body slid to the ground. *The man stepped out and drew some papers from Mozynski's inside coat pocket.* He warned the girl that unless she behaved herself, he would have to kill her, too. Using a flashlight, the killer removed blood from her hands with a handkerchief, led her toward Bayside, boarded a Flushing bus with her, and saw her to a trolley.

In the bus, he had handed her a

piece of paper with a warning not to read it until the next day. And he warned her to keep her mouth shut. He gallantly bade her goodnight as she boarded the trolley.

Rubber-stamped on the piece of paper was the name MOZYNSKI. It was in red ink. Under the name was an encircled signature, 3-X.

The girl was too frightened to report to the police what had happened — until after her arrest. Because the police doubted her story, she was held as a material witness. But 3-X came to her rescue in a letter to the *Evening Journal* the day following her arrest. It read in part as follows:

Re: Mozynski — Queens —

Gentlemen: For your information, the young lady [name deleted by writer] is innocent and a victim of unfortunate circumstances. . . . We always get them through their women friends. Mozynski was nothing but a . . . I am an agent of a secret international order and when I met Mozynski I was to get from him certain documents, but unfortunately they were not in his possession at the time.

The mysterious 3-X then suggested that Mozynski's friends and relatives, later placed under guard:

Tell us what became of the following items: N.Y.X. — 26-73. N.J. 4-3-44, Philadelphia XV 346. These papers must be returned to us at once or *fourteen more of Mozynski's friends will go to join him.*

The letter *written on an envelope*

of the Civil Service Bureau in College Point, was again signed "3-X, The Man Behind the Gun."

A mass murderer, it seemed, was on the loose.

There was hysteria in New York, particularly in Queens where doors and windows were locked and people kept off the streets.

Then on June 15 — four days after the Mozynski murder — 3-X warned the *Evening Journal* he was about to commit another murder, adding:

I advise you to publish the code message or tomorrow night one more will go.

The *Evening Journal* published the original letter from 3-X that same day.

THERE was reasonable peace and quiet in the editorial rooms of the *Evening Journal* on the morning of June 17. Not much was happening. Even the city editor had time to look at his mail. But as he looked, he recognized the back-hand writing of 3-X on an envelope and hastily tore it open.

The excited city editor read it, then handed the note from 3-X to the reporters. It read, in part, as follows:

Dear Sir: For your information, there is more work for the police. Tonight [June 16] at 10 P.M. Sowley was bumped off near Floral Park — and not far away from a police signal station. You will find him near an auto junk pile. We have selected

this night to do it as Mozynski was buried today. This is your second warning to them. Thirteen more men and one woman will go the same way if they do not return two of the missing papers. N.Y. document was found on Sowley last night and also some of our money. As in the case of [Mozynski's girl friend], the girl was put on a bus and sent home. We always get them through their women friends. — 3-X

As the reporters rushed to the elevator, the city desk telephones — all five of them — began ringing wildly.

The city editor, calm now, answered one.

"Chief," the police reporter shouted, "3-X killed another guy."

"Sure," the city editor answered, "a guy named Sowley. Get his first name and details."

"Chief — may I ask — how the hell did *you* know?"

Even as the city editor was reading the note from 3-X, the body was being identified as that of Noel Sowley, twenty-six years old, a Brooklyn radio mechanic. On that morning of the seventeenth, a motorist had noticed a new car parked near an automobile graveyard in the vicinity of the Creedmore Asylum on the border of Floral Park. Curious, the motorist parked his car and walked over. Behind the wheel was a hatless, blood-smeared corpse. The man rushed to the nearest telephone. When the police arrived, they searched the body for identification.

One of the first things they found was a newspaper clipping concerning the Mozynski murder. *On the clipping, stamped in red ink, was the name MOZYNSKI.* And on the margin there were penciled the words: *HERE'S HOW.*

IT DID not take the police more than a couple of hours to locate Sowley's girl friend, the daughter of a policeman.

Her story was almost a duplicate of the story told by Mozynski's girl friend.

"We were parked," she said, "and sitting in the back seat. The man opened the door and ordered Noel to get into the front seat behind the wheel, which Noel did. He then handed some cards to Noel, saying, 'You know Joe Mozynski.' Noel said he did not know Mozynski. As Noel was saying that, the man shot him in the mouth. Noel gasped — he mumbled — saying 'I'm not the man you're looking for.' The killer stepped out of the car, looked at the license plate, came back and said, 'You're Sowley, all right,' and then again shot him in the head. He searched Noel's clothing, found a sheet of paper and exclaimed: 'I have it.' He ordered me out of the automobile, then walked me more than a mile to a bus station, and put me aboard a bus for Jamaica. He handed me a slip of paper and warned me, under a threat of death, 'Don't open your mouth.' On the bus I looked at the piece of paper

and shuddered. Rubber-stamped in red ink was the name of my friend, **SOWLEY.** And under the name was penciled **3-X.** Is it any wonder I didn't tell? I was so frightened! All the way home I could see the killer's eyes — eyes that never blinked — eyes that seemed like the eyes of a fish — eyes that look like those of a fish swimming in a tank. His face was lined and his cheeks were sunken. . . ."

The jittery city editor did not go home on the night of June 17. Nor did his staff. They sat around that night, drinking coffee, waiting for the morning mail, and wondering if there would be another letter for the city editor from 3-X. At long last the mail was delivered — and there *was* a letter from 3-X.

Sir: I advise you to publish this code message: **AV 3-X.** Tonight one more will go. You may let them know that 3-X is this man behind the gun. He asks for no quarter but will give none. On June 18, at 9 P.M., I will be at College Point to get **W.R.** — **V — 8.**

As a result of that letter, one of the greatest manhunts in the history of New York exploded into action on Wednesday, June 18, 1930. The late Police Commissioner Mulrooney ordered 1,000 men into College Point. Six dozen of the stalwarts, following orders, dressed in women's clothing, with wigs, lipstick and rouge. Six dozen others in male clothing parked their cars in what reporters fiendishly described next day as "bosky

dells" where they lolled with disgusted colleagues. No bait was spared. It was a foggy night, but thousands of private citizens in cars bearing license plates of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut jammed the roads in Queens, eager to be in on the kill. But nothing happened.

ON Thursday, June 19, the city editor of the *Evening Journal* received another letter from 3-X. It was postmarked hours before police, reporters, and photographers had moved in on College Point.

Dear Sir: I beg to thank you for publishing the code message sent you yesterday. As a result, W.R. V-8 of C.P. has returned the Philadelphia XV 346 to me tonight [June 18] after reading your paper. So I called off the killing. . . . Thanks be to God — if I may use his name — this means that the following persons will be spared.

There followed a long list of intended victims, identified by letters of the alphabet and numerals, to be spared "despite commands."

On that same day, 3-X chided the Police Department and reporters in letters to police officials and newspapers. He gave a running account of how they all had appeared at College Point that night. 3-X was there, watching them all. He even wrote a letter to a policeman in a Queens precinct station — calling him by name — in which he wrote: "I saw you cleaning your gun last

night. I hope you didn't expect to shoot me. You will never find me."

The last communication from 3-X was received on Saturday, June 21:

City Editor: My mission is ended. There is no further cause for worry. [In my letters] the first sign, A, means the supreme tribunal of the order. The second, V, its special agent. The two combine to form the red diamond of Russia, a secret order all over the world. Anyone breaking its iron is marked for death. These men [Mozynski and Sowley] were dismissed from the order for treason. . . . Most of us are soldiers and every country in the world is represented in our ranks. Word came to us at the Supreme Council in Russia of the peril in the U.S. — twelve of us picked up our cards. Mine was the King of Diamonds — I was the one selected to inflict death if necessary.

Beware and Goodbye. Who am I? Not much. An ex-German Army officer, now in the service of the Red Diamond of Russia. Yes, the code was addressed to Sowley. Now that it is all over, I am called back home. But before going away today, I want to say that your women [referring to the girl friends of Mozynski and Sowley] are splendid and courageous. I am deeply sorry for having stained your country with blood, but let this be a warning to all concerned. Treason means death the next time. No mercy will be shown.

You know what we want you to know. Quiet your people and tell them 3-X is no more. — 3-X

That was the last that was ever heard of him.

EVERGREEN STATUES

*The Ancient Art of Topiary
Has Staged a Comeback*



By TREVOR HOLLOWAY

FASHIONS change in gardening almost imperceptibly, but unlike the short-lived heyday of a new Parisian creation, they remain in vogue for generations. Latest news from the gardening front is that the ancient art of topiary is creeping back into favor after close to two centuries' banishment at the hands of the landscape gardeners and literary wits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who despised, and even ridiculed, the formal gardens of their day.

Although the present revival is not likely to result in such wonderful and fantastic examples of topiary work as are still to be seen at, say, Blenheim Palace in England, the art is being taken up by an ever-increasing company of small-garden owners — and apartment dwellers in particular — who are content to lavish their time and skill on small layouts or even single trees.

Topiary is one of the oldest of garden crafts and can be traced back

some 2,000 years to Roman times, although it is believed to have been originated by the Chinese who, with the Dutch, are probably the most skillful and enthusiastic exponents of the art today. The name is derived from *Topiarius*, a Roman gardener famed for his skill at trimming box trees to give them the appearance of boats, animals, and geometrical shapes.

One of the most famous of all Roman formal gardens was that in Tuscany belonging to Pliny the Elder. It contained hundreds of fantastic designs including sentries carved in a box mounting guard over evergreen initials of fair ladies, and a whole menagerie of weird and wonderful animal and bird forms.

The pride of Genoa in the sixteenth century (according to Evelyn, the diarist) was a clump of yews cut to resemble a flock of sheep, complete with a shepherd; while in the background crouched a menacing-looking horde of evergreen ani-

mals apparently just waiting their chance to pounce on the flock. Evelyn himself, incidently, was a topiary enthusiast and boasted of a holly hedge 400 feet long and 9 feet high — through which Peter the Great drove with a wheelbarrow and had to pay a tremendous fine as compensation for disfiguring the masterpiece!

Some of the finest examples of the topiarist's art in Europe were the handiwork of the famous French gardener, Le Notre, who planned the gardens of the Palace of Versailles "that the Nation and the Court might be dazzled and enchanted by its novelty and singularity." His skill was such that he could even clip the trees to represent architecture of different periods. His representations in box and yew led a writer of the day to declare: "He can shape the lesser wood to the form of men armed in the field, ready to give battell; or swift-running Greyhounds to chase the Deere, or hunt the Hare. This kind of hunting shall not waste your corne, nor much of your coyne."

IT WAS just as the art had reached its peak of excellence in the eighteenth century that men of wit and literary ability began to spurn it as lacking artistic taste. Pope's satirical *Catalogue of Greens to be Disposed Of* probably did more than anything else to bring topiary into disfavor.

Here are a few of the "bargains"

that Pope's nimble brain contrived: The Tower of Babel, not yet finished; St. George in box, his arm not yet long enough, but will be in condition to stick the dragon next April; A Pair of Giants, stunted, to be sold cheap; A Quickset Hog, shot up into a Porcupine by being forgot a week in rainy weather; Divers Poets, in bays, somewhat blighted," and many more in like vein.

The wealthy and fashionable aristocracy, though reluctant to dispose of the trees on which they had spent much time and money, were led into believing they were fostering a tawdry form of art. Their enthusiasm waned and they allowed Dame Nature to reclaim her own, which she speedily did. Except in a very few instances, the majority of topiary works were allowed and encouraged to conceal their man-made outlines behind unrestricted new growth.

Pope and his contemporaries all but ridiculed the art to death — but not quite. Here and there a country cottager, a jobbing gardener, or a strong-minded squire kept the art alive for us of the twentieth century to build on.

Not many steps from the famous gardens at Kew, in Surrey, England, is what is believed to be the only topiary nursery in the world. Here, continually undergoing training and development, are no fewer than 15,000 trees in box and yew, varying in age from one to ninety years or more. Rank upon rank they

stand, from the completely untrained youngsters to the perfectly formed veterans.

At this fantastic evergreen garden, you may walk around and choose the trees that take your fancy. What shall it be? The choice is made the more difficult by the amazing range. Teddy bears of varying stature, a parrot in a ring, here a corkscrew, there a spiral, crocodiles and anchors, pyramids and peacocks in profusion.

They one and all belie their age. That chicken is no chicken — it is twenty-four years if a day; that teddy bear is even older. More ancient still are those towering corkscrews and spirals, for most have been thirty years and more a-growing. And during all those years the trees have been methodically trimmed and trained in the way that they must go.

The tenderest age from which trees are despatched from this fascinating nursery is fifteen years. Some of the elders of the tribe do not leave home until they are three score and ten or even ninety years. But what is a mere ninety to a yew with an expectation of life anything from 500 to 1,000 years?

IF YOU are a purist, you will wish to train your tree from its infancy, but no tree should have a

taste of the shears before it is five years old. And it is no use saying at this early stage: "This shall be a peacock and that a spiral." You have to wait to see along what lines the tree develops and be dictated to by the tree rather than your own ambitions. If you would fashion, say, a galleon, your tree must have the necessary "leaders" for training into masts. Assessing the potentialities of a tree is perhaps the most difficult aspect of the art.

To make the shapes in the early stages, wire patterns are usually employed and the appropriate twigs tied firmly in place. From then on, it is a matter of gentle persuasion with the aid of bits of stick and wire, plus well-considered pruning and clipping. Once a tree has been trained to shape, it rarely needs clipping more than twice a year.

There was one mistake the early topiarists made — they overdid the job. Many of the topiary gardens were more in the nature of overcrowded collections of ill-assorted and fantastic figures — masterpieces individually, but incongruous collectively. Far better a pair of spirals, or one proud peacock, than a host of birds and beasts all mixed up with examples of evergreen geometrical genius. A little goes a long way where the ancient art of tree sculpture is concerned.



Lesson for Millionaire

By J. ANTHONY MARCUS
*President
Institute of Foreign Trade*

"ANGELS"



THE LATTER part of 1919 found me a young, budding, foreign-trade official in the U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce office in New York. One day my telephone rang and a subdued feminine voice asked me to come to tea at her home. She was the widow of a wealthy American philanthropist.

Dr. Frederick C. Howe, then U. S. Immigration Commissioner of New York, was already there when I arrived. The hostess emphasized that what we were about to discuss was strictly confidential.

As leaders of the Single Tax movement, the rapid-talking, bespectacled little lady informed me, they had decided to send a mission to Moscow to persuade Lenin to adopt the Single Tax plan as a solution for the Russian land problem. Would I accompany the mission?

The offer was very

tempting, to say the least. I had come to the United States from Russia nine years earlier as an immigrant boy; I was tremendously interested in the latest developments in the country of my birth and it would be interesting to see with my own eyes what was happening there. But I had to be truthful. "I must counsel against entertaining any hope of succeeding in such a mission," I told my startled hostess and Dr. Howe. "It is doomed to failure. Lenin and his friends will receive you cordially, listen attentively, and laugh inwardly at your naïveté." I added that the Lenin gang had its own plan, from which they would never deviate: confiscation of all the

land by the government and the ultimate enslavement of the agrarian population.

I cheated myself out of a trip to Russia — a Russia dominated by



men determined to revolutionize the world at the expense of its own people.

By 1936, I had completely forgotten the incident. Then something happened to bring it to life under most unexpected circumstances.

In April, 1936, the president of a large machine-building firm sent me to Russia on a business mission.

One Sunday morning I looked out of my hotel window and noticed a line forming in front of the red brick building near the entrance to Red Square which bore the Lenin dictum: "Revolution is a hurricane which sweeps away everything in its path." Glaring headlines in the local press announced the opening that morning of the Lenin Museum. I dressed and walked over to join the queue, shuffling along with the good-natured Muscovites. The queue was growing longer by the second. My American attire attracted many envious glances from the ragged crowd, even though that was the year when Stalin compelled his slaves to mutter: "Life has become better; living has become easier."

WHEN I finally entered one of the rooms, I found a tightly packed crowd listening attentively to a bespectacled guide explain the objects in the room. With his eyes pinned upon a glass-topped case at his left, he was uttering the concluding remarks of what must have been an interesting story:

"And so in 1919, Comrade

Krassin, at the request of Lenin, repaid to the widow of the English capitalist the entire sum in gold, saying: 'The Tsar's debts we don't repay; the debts incurred by us we do repay.'"

As soon as the guide and audience left the room, I made a beeline for the glass-topped case. In it was a double sheet of paper, a bit yellowed with age, dated 1907, written in ink and bearing a large number of signatures, some in pencil, others in red ink. Stalin's signature was one of the very last. The list was headed by Lenin, Trotsky and Kamenev. They pledged on behalf of the Russian Socialist Democratic Labor Party, as the Bolsheviks were then known, to repay to the "English capitalist, Mr. Joseph Fels, without interest," a year from date, the sum of about 1,400 English pounds sterling (approximately \$7,000).

How was this debt incurred? The various letters in the glass-topped case supplied the answer. Unable to hold their 1907 Party convention in Russia, the delegates traveled to London. Many of them, including Lenin and Trotsky, were then living in exile in Switzerland, Austria, England, and France. Stalin was still in Russia. In the Tsarist days, it was comparatively easy to steal across the border. There was no Iron Curtain then.

This was Stalin's first trip to London, made possible by what the guide had called an "English capitalist." The document had it so re-

corded. However, neither the document nor the guide could convince me that they were right. I had met the widow of the so-called "English capitalist," Mrs. Mary Fels of Philadelphia and New York. It was Mrs. Fels who had consulted me about sending a Single Tax mission to Moscow.

Joseph Fels was an American from the City of Brotherly Love. To be sure, he was in no way connected with the Russian revolutionary movement; he was, merely, a friend of the great Russian novelist, Maxim Gorky. The Russian revolutionists were forever in need of money, and needing cash for the London Congress, turned to Gorky for help. The latter asked Mr. Fels, then residing in London, to advance the money. While the sum of seven thousand dollars may not loom large today, it was quite a fortune in those remote days. Without the loan, the Congress could not have been held. Even with the loan, the delegates stopped at cheap lodging houses; some were housed by friends or sympathizers in London.

THE DELEGATES must have been very optimistic when they promised to repay Mr. Fels by the middle of 1908. When the year expired, the "English capitalist" asked Gorky for the money. Gorky wrote to Lenin in Switzerland, where the coming Russian leader was living on alms, browsing in the libraries, sharpening his wits for the coming revolution and

writing fiery pamphlets and articles denouncing all those who dared to disagree with him. In his reply to Gorky, Lenin was very apologetic. He and his colleagues, he assured Gorky, would have been happy to repay, but they did not have the money. "Please tell Mr. Fels to be patient a while longer," Lenin pleaded. The great novelist Gorky, who had charmed untold millions with his gifted pen, had no difficulty in bewitching his "capitalist" friend Fels. The note was extended for another year.

At the expiration of the second year, like a good "capitalist," Mr. Fels fished out the note and notified Maxim Gorky accordingly. Again Gorky wrote to Lenin. Once more Lenin argued: "What good would it do Mr. Fels to sue us? We have nothing. He could collect nothing from us. But please assure him that if he will hold on to the note signed by our delegates, he will be repaid some day in full. Once we become masters of Russia's destinies, we shall surely repay with gratitude. Let him be patient a while longer."

Mr. Fels died. His widow kept the note. In 1919, the full amount was repaid to her in gold by Mr. Krassin, then the commercial representative of the Soviet Government in Europe. No doubt the repayment of the money inspired Mrs. Fels in 1919 to plan her Single Tax mission.

When I emerged from the museum later, the five-cornered stars of the Kremlin towers were glit-

tering brightly in the sunshine. The queues in front of the museum had lengthened. As I observed the crowd, I knew they would be told the same story about the "English capitalist"; they would chuckle, as did the earlier audience, listening to the bespectacled guide ridiculing Mrs. Fels for having surrendered a note of great historic significance.

WE MUST forgive the late Joseph Fels for having financed the Bolshevik Congress in London in 1907. The ultra-violent party of Lenin and Stalin was only four years old. The outside world had hardly heard of its existence. Its true nature was not to become apparent until ten years later. But what excuse can present-day educators and intellectuals here or abroad offer for their failure to appreciate the true character of Soviet Red fascism after thirty-six years of tyrannical rule at home and imperialistic mischief abroad? Even a casual perusal of the Constitution of the Third International should open the minds of the naïve, gullible or moronic. Members of the Universal Communist Party, it tells us in unmistakable terms, are pledged to indulge in national treason in case of war with the Soviet Union, regardless of who is the aggressor. It assures us that Communists enter parliamentary governments in order to blow them up from within. The Soviet behavior in the United Nations since its birth should convince even the most ob-

stinate fellow travelers of the earnestness and fanaticism with which Communists carry out the letter and the spirit of the teachings of the Third International.

Before it is too late to avert an atomic-hydrogen war, all of us would do well to remember that the world can never know normalcy or peace as long as the Soviet Government exists. Not because of our antagonism. It is they — the rulers in the Kremlin and their stooges in the satellite nations — and not we, who have made the decision that one or the other of us must die. The pages of the collected and selected works of Lenin are replete with such proof, if people here and in other free countries would only read them. And if there still be people so ignorant or gullible who need further proof, let them turn to the Soviet teachers' handbook and the official teachers' magazine to read:

The pupils of the Soviet school must realize that the feeling of Soviet patriotism is saturated with irreconcilable *hatred* toward the enemies of socialist society. Hatred gives birth to class revolutionary vigilance and creates a feeling of irreconcilability toward the class enemy. . . . It is necessary to learn not only to hate the enemy but also to struggle with him, in time to unmask him, and, finally, *if he does not surrender*, to destroy him.

But just how many Americans in commanding government and civilian positions have mastered this

bitter lesson? When the Communist physiognomy of the Institute of Pacific Relations was expertly unmasked by a Congressional committee, many corporation executives and bankers rose to the defense of this indisputably pro-Soviet organization. Despite our bitter experience since recognizing the U.S.S.R. in 1933, influential voices are now urging that we do business with the Kremlin and its satellites.

Even Harold Stassen, Director of the Foreign Operations Administration, had to admit the other day that a growing number of policy-makers in the new Administration in Washington favor revived trade with the Iron Curtain countries. And what is their motive? The same breed of ignorance-inspired, cowardly officials, left over from the Truman-Acheson know-nothings, argue that if the people behind the Iron Curtain had more American merchandise, they would feel more friendly to the United States. They fail to realize that there is as much need for such action on our part as there is for a fifth wheel to the wagon. *The peoples there want freedom* and not our gadgets or consumer goods. Anything that helps their governments to continue their tyrannical rule is turning the people behind the Iron Curtain against us.

Many a time, Russians made me very uncomfortable in Moscow and other cities for coming to their country, for associating or trading with their government, and, most

of all, for failing to cry out against the tyranny. "You Americans," a Russian engineer remarked to me bitterly, "when you come here, fill your mouths with water. You see our misery and persist in doing business with those who have robbed us of our freedom and our very lives."

THE OMISSIONS and commissions of the modern version of the millionaire "angels" must never be forgiven by our people, certainly not unless and until they atone for their sins by becoming crusaders in the struggle with the Communist menace. Only by undoing their harm to this country and the cause of peace and freedom everywhere by active participation in a movement to overthrow the Soviet gangster government can they wash away the stain on their conscience which will haunt their posterity for generations to come.

The Frasier W. McCanns, the Dr. Dorothy W. Douglasses, the Raymond C. Ingersolls, the Frederick V. Fields, the Hellers, the Corliss Lamonts and the numerous others who in one way or another have aided and abetted our mortal enemy still have an opportunity to mend their ways just as the once faithful Communists, Whittaker Chambers, Louis Budenz and others, have turned to serve this nation. And just as the former Communists have earned the respect of our people, so will they, if they act vigorously in the present emergency.

In Our Readers' Opinion

» Enclosed is my renewal for a two-year subscription to the *MERCURY*. I thoroughly enjoy many of your articles and I fervently hope that America may, in the near future, come to support the political creed expressed in them. Keep fighting.

CHARLES R. HEAD
Plainfield, Illinois

» I want to take this opportunity to express again my admiration for this very excellent magazine, and can hardly wait for it to arrive each month. The article by Russell Maguire in the February issue is so right!

MRS. LYDIA CHEVRIER
Ludlow, Massachusetts

» The *MERCURY* has become a textbook in Jasper circles. . . . Whilst it appears that you in the U. S. are beginning to win the fight, we in Canada have not begun.

VAL KULAK
Jasper, Alberta,
Canada

» The veterans here appreciate the courageous presentation of world affairs by your magazine. . . . Please get your agents out and place copies on every newsstand in America. In this hour of crisis in American history, the people are crying to know the truth.

DAVID YOUNG
Major, USMCR
Sapulpa, Oklahoma

» The *AMERICAN MERCURY* is one of the oh, so few really *American* magazines that fight for the United States we have known, and its future. God preserve and inspire it!

LEIGH TOLAND
La Crosse, Wisconsin

» I think your magazine is "tops," particularly the articles by Dr. J. B. Matthews.

JOAN KIESEWETTER
Newton Centre, Mass.

» Please send me reprints of "Reds and Our Churches," "The Truth about Joe McCarthy," and "Red Infiltration of Theological Seminaries." I was extremely upset by a sermon I listened to on Sunday, hence this request for the above reprints.

Your current article, "America Is Losing the War Against Communism," is fine. I wish everyone might read and digest it . . .

My college-age son at Colgate has appreciated many of your articles. I wish all our youth were so minded.

Keep up your fine work.

JULIA J. BUXTON
Utica, New York

» Kindly send me a list of John T. Flynn's published works. . . . I always buy your splendid magazine and enjoy Mr. Flynn's articles.

L. W. BALCOM
Boston, Mass.

» I have just had the pleasure of reading the cogent essay by Patrick McMahon on "Uncle Sam, the World's Prize Sucker," which appeared in the February issue of the *MERCURY*. . . .

The lesson it so concisely and eloquently presents is one that needs to be driven home to the American public, and I feel that a reprint of the article would be welcomed by all of your readers and the public generally.

In passing, permit me to commend you on the splendid work you are doing through the *AMERICAN MERCURY* on behalf of the nation.

JOSEPH A. WERLE
Wilton, Conn.

» The February issue is the meatiest yet. You've made a wonderful magazine: so readable, so informative, so potent. It fills a vital need. . . .

The *AMERICAN MERCURY* gives us what we need in clear, honest, and usable form, naming names, stating easily recognizable facts from which more verification, when necessary, can be readily traced.

God bless you in what you are doing.

MARTHA M. HART
Roanoke, Virginia

» It goes without saying that the *MERCURY* is absolutely necessary today for those who remember all our American traditions and are determined to revive and restore them to our way of life. The *MERCURY* is one of a very few magazines which are more concerned with the strength of our battered Constitution than they are with the Communist-tainted "new" theories of collectivism and "social progress."

The danger to our institutions is not declining; the enemy has not lost his

strength, or been silenced, and that is why the *MERCURY* is more necessary than ever.

I have noticed that Communists and their fellow-travelers are more shrill today, more malignantly determined than ever, more vengeful and full of resolute hatred for America. . . . Their diatribes against "the masses' lack of intelligence" are more vehement. I had hoped they would have been quieted. But the sound and fury of their anger argues that they are more strong than even we suspected.

TAYLOR CALDWELL
Eggertsville, N. Y.

» I have been so greatly impressed by your outstanding articles, and your stand against Communism, that I cannot go another month without a subscription. Enclosed is a check. . . .

HOWARD B. BLANCHARD, JR.
Air Training Department
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

» You have really transformed the *AMERICAN MERCURY* into a fine American publication. One of the very few on the market. We are forever grateful.

MRS. JOHN PERRY WOOD
Claremont, California

» For several months I have suspected that the *MERCURY* had fallen into the hands of the richest, most autocratic, most intolerant, most reactionary, most fanatical institution in the world. What effect do you surmise your UNESCO article had upon my suspicions? Shades of Mencken! What a change!

IRA D. CARDIFF
Yakima, Washington



"Buy it, Son . . . It's a fine product."



"Wind up your 'Communist Line' and go home. The fish don't bite the way they used to, nor are the waters as safe as they once were . . ."



And still the game goes on!



Skin Troubles Cause More Absenteeism Than Accidents

By J. H. W. KERSTON

A SEVEN-MILLION-DOLLAR itch is impeding industrial production because factory laborers do not know how to wash their hands.

Industrial dermatitis, an inflammation of the skin on arms, hands, and thighs, causes more absenteeism in some plants than accidents, according to industrial physicians who estimate that it costs the country seven million dollars a year in lost working time.

These "oil pimples" (that's what the workers call them) result from the clogging of the pores by lubricating and cutting oils. It recently became so serious in one factory that the company had to shut down one shift. In this factory, 37 out of 200 skilled machinists had to take from one to three weeks off to cure the disease.

In one state, the chief of the industrial commission asserts that the number of workmen suffering from skin diseases and requiring disability compensation has increased nearly 100 per cent in the state since 1937.

The solution of the problem, according to plant doctors, lies in persuading husky machine operators to

indulge in washroom "make-up," proper cleansing and the use of skin creams to replace the natural oils which are removed by abrasive soaps.

Most of the trouble, medical practitioners say, arises because the workers do not know how to wash their hands. They either underdo or overdo it. In a hurry to get home, the men and women wash quickly, leaving oil and grease on their hands and arms. The oil, although sterile, causes inflammation when worked into open pores and hair follicles.

Even if the workers wash thoroughly, they are susceptible, because the highly alkaline abrasive soaps and cleansing compounds which they use to cut the grease also strip the skin of its natural, protective oils. Dermatologists stress the fact that workmen cannot remove the skin's natural protective oils every day with impunity, and then work with such industrial fluids as oil, grease, acids and chemical vapors, without suffering from skin ailments.

As a result, many companies have purchased recommended soaps and put up posters urging workers to take more time washing up.

Credit Makes the Earth Turn

By William Alvadore Buck

LAST YEAR a young woman from Utah stepped from a taxi into a famous department store in New York. Her clothes looked wrinkled and dowdy, for she had just arrived in the city. She bought a girdle, but, being a normal woman, soon found herself in the fur department. Presently, the young woman donned a coat which, she felt, transformed her from a country drudge into a city darling. The price was \$9,985. "Is it natural mink?" she asked the clerk, who answered "yes" as she glanced at a store detective idling nearby. The customer could have nipped the detective with a yo-yo as she tried it on again. She had failed to put any \$10,000 bills into her purse that day, and she was virtually unknown in New York. Yet a short time later she strolled into Broadway wearing the coat. No eagle of the law watched her go.

This could have happened in no other land and no other age. She had worked a little everyday magic with the help of a polite young man who asked many questions, a teletype, a telephone and two of the offices of the Associated Credit Bureaus of America. Other ages have believed in fairies and magic carpets, but it's

doubtful if they would have believed in a thaumaturgy as amazing as this.

Without credit we would still be back in the old Egyptian night. Has any economist ever pursued the theory that the true great depression of history, the early Middle Ages, came about largely because of a widespread disappearance of credit? It did vanish in many places.

Credit is older than money, older than history. There were money lenders in ancient Babylon; their bookkeeping records and legal paper work have been found in cuneiform on tablets of clay. The Romans had bills of exchange, pawnbrokers, banks and stock companies. Crassus, with whom Caesar once ruled in Rome, sold villas on the Roman hills on what we now might call the easy-payment plan. Somewhere the old-timers must have seen those easy payments with uneasy eyes, for they named the plan "death pledge," that is, *mort gage*.

In ancient times, however, the function of credit was little understood, and debt for consumption goods burdened the earth. So, from a purely economic viewpoint, when the Church in early Christian times

condemned "usury" (interest), possibly it made a wise move. But who would risk his treasure for no return?

IT IS A FACT that, as credit ran low, so did commerce, industry, art and civilization.

Think what this meant. In the Middle Ages, paper money (credit money) was unknown and there was never enough silver and gold. A man with a treasure could bury it, buy land with it, eat it up or give it away. He could — and many a rich man did, until late times — buy iron, copper, gold or clothing and stack it away. But nothing was safe. In fact, before the modern development of credit, society as a whole generally lived for the day, with scarcely more provision than the squirrels. They could not do otherwise. Whole nations made a business of piracy.

When the smog of the Middle Ages began to clear away, credit revived along with civilization. The Church gradually liberalized its views on interest. Trade moved.

Most of our credit techniques developed from medieval crudity to their present refinement in the last two centuries. It may be that only then did we surpass the Babylonians. The ordinary bank check of today was an eighteenth-century invention.

Credit apologists, looking backward, contend that installment selling was bound to come along with the industrial revolution. It was as inevitable as hash. If every man had

to scabble up the full price before he bought, they say, there would be far fewer automobiles, washing machines, tractors and radios in the land, and fewer machine shops, industrial plants, mechanics and filling stations to make and repair them. Mass pricing would hardly be possible. Without installment selling we would not have had the industrial system, the overwhelming power which triumphed in two World Wars.

It grew largely on the American plan. Cowperthwaite and Sons first offered furniture on deferred payments in New York in 1807. Singer Sewing Machine and others followed, in mid-century. The first automobiles were sold on easy payments in 1910, despite the wails of the old ladies who cried that installments would shake the moral vigor of America.

It was the future and it was almighty. It was a part of the strangest tale in the history of finance, an event that exploded, you might say, after the first World War. The United States was running over with money. We had built a war capacity comparable to the prodigality of nature. There were countless new devices at hand — the auto, radio, the vacuum — which, it seemed, might transform the life of man. But few could afford them. What could be done with all this? American business deliberately chose to refine and liberalize installment selling. We know what happened after

that — an explosion of productivity far beyond any man's imagining.

SINCE then, public opinion has turned completely around. A charge account fifty years ago was a haughty thing, given only to those so solid financially that they did not really need it. Easy payments were strictly for gypsies and acrobats. There was some justice in this view. The usual "credit store" was a medley of bandit prices, bad taste and human misunderstanding. It did not know how to manage credit nor its customers' hearts.

Today the minister or the bank president may buy his car on the cuff and joke about his payments all over town if he wishes. Nearly half of the cars on the road were bought on time and well over half of our household durable goods. In 1952, the American consumer owed over \$21 billion, a new high, which looks pretty big compared to the figure for 1929 (\$6.3 billion), or for 1932 (\$3.5 billion). Nobody seems to fret unduly about these figures; in fact, the richer we get, the more do we owe, for one man's asset is often another man's liability. The people's total net debt — public and private, hovers around \$500 billion at present, probably equal to the total wealth of several Roman Empires. In 1935 it was only \$176 billion.

American credit experience has amply proved that, though Diogenes may have been a master self-advertiser, he was not much as a truth-

seer. Nearly everyone will pay his bills if he can.

If a man gets into a deep hole with his debts, the local credit bureau will try to help with a new plan of payment. A store that means to be in business next year does not want Mrs. X's furniture, her ill will, nor the reputation for hard dealing. The store will usually play along with the customer's troubles unless it catches the odor of outright fraud. Repossessions in honest trade are almost as rare today as they are unpleasant.

R. M. Severa, now Executive Manager of the Credit Bureau of Greater New York, says that in the ten years when he was chief of the credit office of a famous department store, they *did not make a single repossession*. Yet they handled 300,000 accounts and rejected only three per cent. Their credit losses totaled only six-tenths of one per cent. This store's experience was better than average, though not much; for its customers ranged the scale of wealth from cabbage to truffles. Is this still the old sinful human race? Yes, except that in this country we believe in a living wage. We can afford to be honest. Such experience with credit explains why today almost anyone can buy almost anything in almost any store on time.

This does not mean that all the deadbeats are in jail. There are a few still chiseling. Hence, the credit bureau, whose long arm reaches hamlets as well as cities throughout

the states. There is nothing quite like it abroad, except one in London, which serves the "hire purchase" (installment) trade. Nearly everyone in the United States who has used consumer credit has a card in his name in some credit bureau. When he moves, the card follows him. It contains a record of his bill-paying propensities over the years, the name of his bank, his employer and many other things useful to a credit man. A good card can be mighty useful to the customer, also, if he needs a loan or a good reference for any reason.

This experience with common honesty has also changed the loan business. Once the small-loan operator had offices in dingy quarters up two flights of squeaking stairs and people entered with shame. The best companies charged enormous interest and their methods often ranged wide beyond the law. The Russell Sage Foundation investigated the situation around 1910. They found a great need for small loans but they were so costly to handle that they could not be negotiated within the legal maximum interest of ten or twelve per cent. The foundation then promoted a Uniform Small Loans Law, which has been adopted more or less intact by a majority of the states.

Here was the actual beginning of the personal-loan business, which has grown so great in our economy, a billion-dollar show. The liberality

with which small-loan companies risk good money on human nature would have driven a banker of the old school into a fright.

The year of the Sage report, 1910, was a kind of year-of-the-comet in the story of credit. Several movements, such as the rush to the cities and the development of the factory, made the great need for small loans abundantly clear. It is not a paradox that, as the nation became richer, there appeared more and more calls for small loans; for progress and wealth mean precisely more and more costly resources for living.

CREDIT unions in America date to 1909, when a French Canadian, Alphonse Desjardin, interested Edward A. Filene, the Boston store-keeper, and others, in this European form of cooperative. Filene, in fact, waxed so happy about credit unions that he devoted fifteen years and a million dollars to boosting them. These "amateur banks" confine their doings within one group, the workers in one plant, for instance. Commonly they can prosper by charging twelve per cent; their officers and clerks are not paid. Last year they numbered 16,061 in the United States and Canada.

It seems to me that democracy reached a minor climax in 1924 when the first commercial bank opened its grill to small personal loans and easy payments on long terms. Now a peasant can borrow like a lord.

TUNNEL

BY
M. D. BELLOMY



UNDER



THE OCEAN

THE EASTERN SHORE of South Africa, along the coast of Pondoland, is rocky and rugged. Partially submerged rocks as sharp as cannibals' teeth extend upward from the ocean and slyly invite ships to come in and be devoured. Under this wild water wasteland was built one of the strangest monuments in the world — a kind of monument to disillusioned treasure hunters — a 550-foot tunnel built beneath the bottom of the ocean.

In 1782, the *Grosvenor*, an East Indiaman, sailed from Trichinopoly carrying a cargo of gold, silver, precious stones and specie, valued at two million pounds sterling. Two "Golden Peacocks" from the throne of the Great Mogul of Delhi were aboard also. All went well with the vessel until it neared Pondoland. A sudden storm broke furiously, and the ship was lashed against the hun-

gry rocks. It was so badly battered and beaten by the terrific onslaught that only a few of the one hundred fifty persons aboard managed to reach shore alive. These few clung to the stern of the broken ship and finally floated ashore. The *Grosvenor* and its precious cargo soon lay buried beneath the insatiable waves.

The *Grosvenor* and the riches it carried were gone, but they were not forgotten. Wealth such as the ship carried was enough to entice any man or group of men into an attempt at recovery. All such efforts amounted to exactly nothing and for a time, it seemed the entire affair had slipped into oblivion.

Then, sixty years after the disaster occurred, the British Admiralty decided to try its hand at salvaging the *Grosvenor*. An expedition, including several of the best Malay divers, was sent out to find and bring back the

Grosvenor's fabulous fortune. Fifteen different attempts, covering a period of eleven months, were made. Still the sea remained unconquerable. The entire project was abandoned as a dismal failure.

Another sixty years passed and again the *Grosvenor's* sunken treasure became a top news story. This time a company was formed in Johannesburg. It was known as the Grosvenor Recovery Syndicate. A search was started to locate and chart the exact position of the old ship. After numerous difficulties, what was left of the wreck was found buried not only beneath twenty feet of water, but also under twelve feet of sand. The treasure hunters found some guns, a few coins, and they recovered some broken china from nearby rocks, but that is all the Syndicate ever got for all the money they spent and the time they wasted.

In spite of all, the lure of the *Grosvenor* and its rich cargo lingered on, and two years later, still another salvage company was organized — the Grosvenor Bullion Syndicate. The men who formed the Bullion Syndicate were bolder and perhaps

more imaginative, too. They had a really unique idea for salvaging the *Grosvenor*. They would build a tunnel through the sandstone that lay under the sandy ocean bottom to a spot near the wreck. Two watertight locks would be built at the end of the tunnel. From the locks, the divers could go out into the ocean near the old ship and do whatever work was necessary. Any of the rich cargo that was reclaimed could be passed back through the locks and thence to the surface.

All were agreed it was an excellent idea. The first of the tunnels was driven straight down for 130 feet — far enough below the bottom of the ocean to be safe. Then a horizontal tunnel was begun. After much laborious and tedious work, the tunnel finally extended 550 feet out under the ocean to a point only forty feet away from the *Grosvenor*. After conquering so many seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, it seems a little rough that the treasure hunters had to run out of money. That is exactly what happened though, and right there is where the tunnel under the ocean ended.



» The great Easter truth is not that we are to live newly after death — that is not the great thing — but that we are to be new here and now by the power of the resurrection; not so much that we are to live forever as that we are to, and may, live nobly now because we are to live forever. — *Phillips Brooks*

The Booby-Trap of



INTERNATIONALISM

By FRANK S. MEYER



WHEN children all over the country are taught to lisp the virtues of the United Nations before they can read — certainly before they have ever heard of the *Federalist Papers* or Washington's Farewell Address — it is little wonder that so many of their elders can be brought to accept any villainy or stupidity if only it is put forward as a contribution to international co-operation. "Nationalist," even "patriot," become terms of reproach; and consideration of American foreign policy in terms of American national interest, the sign of an immoral reactionary.

It is not surprising that such attitudes were characteristic of the administrations which gave us Yalta, the United Nations and Point Four. What is astonishing is to see them continuing to inspire the foreign policy of a President, the solid backlog of whose vote came from the much despised "nationalist" sector of the country. It is alarming indeed that a Republican administration

should have proposed the establishment of an International Atomic Energy Agency, which would become the possessor of an immense stockpile of fissionable materials with the authority to organize and control its distribution for peaceful purposes. This is, of course, simply a watered-down version of the old Baruch-Acheson-Lilienthal proposal to give such an agency control of all atomic energy — military as well as industrial — "if only the Russians will agree to some form of inspection."

Five minutes' serious thought will show that in either form the establishment of such an agency will take us far on the road to the destruction of the sovereignty of the United States and the establishment of world government. We need have little concern about the establishment of world government through the paper plans of the World Federalists and the other "One Worlders." World government will come about only when real power rests

in the hands of an international agency. An International Atomic Energy Agency would be a substantial beginning to the development of such real power.

It is foolhardy to say that this is a fine propaganda gesture which need not be feared because the Russians will not accept it anyway. In the first place, there is no guarantee of that. In the second place, while Soviet Communism is undoubtedly the greatest and most immediate threat to freedom in the world today, there are other dangers. Outside of the United States, there hardly exists a free economy in the world. Any such international organization, even without the Soviets, is certain to be a threat not only to the sovereignty of the United States but also to the existence of any non-socialist economy.

FUNDAMENTALLY, the American people understand this. That is why the various organizations favoring world government have so little practical support. But indirectly, we have been taken up the garden path. We have been persuaded to support step after step toward international organization, and massive expenditure after expenditure for foreign aid, on the ground that these measures are necessary to national defense and the fight against world Communism.

But has this been the primary aim? In terms of power — which, if it is to be peace, is all we can

really count upon to force back the Soviets; and, if it is to be war, is all we can count upon for victory — where are the firm and sure allies we have so secured? South Korea, whom we have done all we can to scuttle? Chiang Kai-shek, whose potential power we hamstring? The Germany of Adenauer and Reuter, which year after year remains unarmed to please the petty politicians of Paris?

Billions upon billions which have been spent abroad have been poured into support of socialist and semi-socialist undertakings, while the burden of taxation threatens to undermine our own sound and free economy. If from this we achieved any measure of power in the struggle with world Communism — strong armies of loyal allies — the process might be excusable. But have we? In France and Italy, for example, powerful Communist movements permeate every section of national life, including the armed forces, and no serious step has been taken, or is likely to be taken, to destroy them. Communist parties one-tenth as powerful would make their countries utterly unreliable in war.

Beginning with the Marshall Plan, when the Truman Administration at last began to recognize the Soviet danger, all of our programs of foreign aid have been imbued with a basic confusion. Instead of being conceived purely and simply as modes of strengthening our national defense, they have always been

adulterated with concepts of a "World New Deal." We seem incapable of spending money abroad in defense of our national interests without muddying our purpose with vague humanitarian considerations. The net result is that we achieve very little in the way of defense and much in the way of strengthening collectivist impulses throughout the world.

TOO MANY of the men who administer these programs have a fixed attitude of inferiority toward the specific characteristics of American society and hold basic internationalist assumptions. When Congress and the President fail to limit the scope of our expenditures, in the clearest and most hard-boiled way, to the defense of American interests, the administrators are left free to transfer what should be defense measures into little more than an international W.P.A. Where charity is called for, in disaster or in famine, the American people have always given generously. But to confuse charity with defense is to lose both the grace of charity and the power needed for defense.

What causes this dangerous confusion in our policies is a deep unwillingness to face the harsh reality of contemporary politics. But without facing reality, no effective foreign policy can be constructed. As a bridge cannot be built over an ideal, abstract river, but only over an actual river, so a foreign policy can-

not be constructed for ideal circumstances, but only for actual circumstances. We Americans would like to leave other people alone while they leave us alone. We live, however, in a world in which Soviet Communism moves with purpose and fanaticism toward world conquest, in a world in which we remain the only nation dedicated to a free economy, to limitation of the powers of government, and to the inalienable freedom of the individual. *Our* destruction is essential to *their* purpose.

It is not by our choice, but by theirs, that, for the very preservation of our free institutions, we must make the center of our national policy the destruction of the Communist leadership in the Kremlin. It is possible that this may be achieved without all-out nuclear warfare — by political and economic warfare and by the threat of the enormously superior military power we can and should acquire. It is possible, but it is not certain. One thing only is certain, that whether it means war or not, there is no other hope of preserving our freedom. The reality of the colossal world struggle in which we are involved is inescapable, dictated alike by the character of Communism and by the structure of world power.

WE ARE the only fortress of freedom. The position of all other nations in this struggle is determined by one simple question:

are they firm allies of the United States or are they not? Such allies can be bought neither with bribes nor with humanitarian kindness. If they themselves are determined to fight for freedom, then certainly we can and should help arm them. But this is all. Our resources, though great, are not inexhaustible. Every expenditure of money abroad, like every other step in our military and foreign policy, must be judged solely by the criterion of the contribution it makes to the single fearful task of preserving our national existence.

The dissipation of our resources is, however, only one danger, and not the worst danger, arising from the internationalist attitude. Far more dangerous, potentially disastrous, is the effect upon American morale, purpose, and understanding. Like dreams of "negotiated peace" and "coexistence," the idea that the world crisis can be solved through "international cooperation" creates the illusion that there is an escape from the desperate alternatives of Soviet victory or American victory. Whether in the pious platitudes of men like John J. McCloy, Paul Hoffman, and Harold Stassen who administer these programs, or in the political analyses of a Walter Lippmann, or in the determined propaganda of the World Federalists, we are beguiled with pictures of a never-never land where the big bad Soviet bear will after all be trained, if only we spend enough money building a

fence around him and offer him a little honey from time to time.

BUT even if the Soviet Union did not exist, even when some day the Kremlin is destroyed, a centralized authority on an international basis would of its very nature be a tyranny. A world government could only exist by riding roughshod over all national traditions, all national values. Beneath its universalizing power, our great American experiment in freedom would be coordinated, re-molded, to exist in a lifeless and arid peace enforced by a world monopoly of power and a world bureaucracy.

Perhaps such a system could provide peace. So, too, might the slave society of a victorious Soviet empire. For those to whom peace is the only goal, to whom freedom is secondary, such an outcome may be nothing to fear. But this was not the opinion of the men who, regarding liberty as more precious than life, risked everything to establish our republic.

A society which lacks the will to face reality and fight for survival will die. For us the danger is not that we will lack the courage to fight, but that — beguiled by the soft promises of internationalism — we will fail to see the bitter need until it is too late. No international authority can take the problem off our shoulders. Our fate is in our own hands. To paraphrase A. E. Housman:

*Be we the men our fathers were,
And God will save our land.*

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By **HAROLD HELFER**

- ✓ A toy submarine has been invented that floats underneath the surface in bathtubs, and fires two torpedoes from tubes on either side.
- ✓ Safety patrol boys at an Omaha school wear dual-purpose mittens. The mittens not only keep their hands warm but also serve as stop signs when held up, featuring a large yellow and black shield shaped like the conventional stop sign.
- ✓ A Houston filling station has a mobile air conditioning unit. As a special service for its customers in the summer, it sticks a nozzle into the cars stopping by for gas and the autos become full of cool air in no time.
- ✓ A Sydney, Australia, church has built a "bawl room." The sound-proofed enclosure with thick plate glass enables mothers with howling infants to watch and hear the piped-in services without disturbing the rest of the congregation.
- ✓ At a parade in Pasadena, California, depicting the theme, "Famous Books," one entry was a float representing the "family checkbook."
- ✓ A vaccine has been developed at the University of Illinois which lowers the high blood pressure in over-tense dogs.
- ✓ A \$3500 bed is now on the market in Washington, D. C., which comes equipped with air conditioning, television, radio, telephone and a built-in alarm clock.
- ✓ When the South Carolina Breakfast Club, an association of private plane enthusiasts, meets, the planes taxi down the main street of Lamar and park at the curb by the restaurant where club members eat.
- ✓ Just before its game with the town of Rainham, the dejected Edgeware, England, soccer team, in the midst of a season-long losing streak, had a session with psychotherapist Joshua Sparrow who gave them a "psychological pep-talk." Edgeware went on to win its first game of the year.
- ✓ Omaha police have begun using 3-D pictures in identifying suspects.
- ✓ Fed up with talks and surveys of "juvenile delinquency," Kent (Michigan) County's three judges posted \$150 for the high school senior writing the best essay on "Adult Delinquency."



"Sure, Reveler can point like other dogs, but he likes to know where he's pointing."

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Curse You, Palmer!

By Jackson W. Granholm



WHEREVER she may be, I am sure that Miss Tanner would be greatly amused at my calling myself, of all things, a writer. Miss Tanner knew full well, and she explained to me carefully many times, that regardless of whatever worthwhile attributes I might have, the one thing that I could not do was write.

Miss Tanner was not our regular teacher. But beginning in the second grade and continuing all the way through the sixth, she used to come twice a week to teach us music and penmanship. The music was interesting. There was the high, upright, oak-cabineted Victrola which would be wheeled into the classroom for each music session. It was much like the one my uncle had, except for

the oversize wheels and the handle on the back.

Miss Tanner gave little lectures about the sweet voices of the orchestra and how they spoke to one another. Then, after cranking the Victrola, she would play a short bit from a large and impressive-looking record. The passage was executed by a strange-sounding instrument called an English horn, which is an inhabitant of the brass section.

But it was the penmanship which served to warp my pliable character permanently. The penmanship was taught according to a rigid and inflexible system of organized torture known as the Palmer Method. So great was my revulsion at this process that, to this day, I cannot bring myself to speak pleasantly to anyone



bearing the surname of Palmer.

According to the tenets of the Palmer Method the penman was never to move his fingers, but was to use a mysterious "gliding" movement. In gliding, the forearm was rested just so on the desk and the hand grasping the pen (Ah! Ah! Not too tightly, now!) was to move smoothly and inflexibly across the paper while the words flowed out magically from somewhere up near the elbow.

I am sure that fully ninety-eight per cent of the sane persons who have ever attempted to write with pen or pencil will agree that these are utterly silly and manifestly impossible requirements. Moving the fingers is as much a part of writing as moving the legs is of walking.

Gliding was only the beginning of the asininities with which the Palmer Method abounded. One of the most fundamental of the ritualistic exercises required of penmanship pupils was that of sweeping the pen broadly fore and aft in rhythm so as to make a long array of parallel marks which fitted exactly between two lines of ruled paper. These runic symbols were called "push-pulls" and they looked like this:



The difficult part of making push-pulls was to get them to fit precisely between the lines. One simple, but quite illegal, way to accomplish this was to make the push-pull and then carefully erase the parts which slopped

over the upper and lower lines. The red-haired girl who sat next to me in the third grade became so engrossed in this operation one day that she failed to notice Miss Tanner's stealthy approach. The resulting hefty whack across the knuckles startled the whole class. In addition, Brick stood in the cloak room for half an hour, which punishment was, at least, a pleasant relief from that session with the Palmer Method.



STILL worse than the push-pulls were the things which we called "round-and-rounds" but which Miss Tanner, more delicately, referred to as "ovals." Like the push-pulls, these were supposed to extend exactly between two lines on a ruled sheet. Instead of up-and-down lines, however, they consisted of an endless chain of goose eggs spiraling along the page. They looked like this:



Mine were particularly hideous as they sprawled across the paper. Somehow the various ellipses never seemed to overlap properly and they would end up looking like great rows of barbed wire strung the length of the Western Front to ensnarl the advancing Hun.

Such activities as push-pulls, in addition to causing retching of the mind, served to bring out all that was sneaky and beastly in grade-school children. One small girl evolved a most elaborate plot to

keep from doing round-and-rounds. One night after school she appeared at the office of her family doctor and reported to that worthy that she had contracted rheumatism in her arm and would no longer be able to attend penmanship class. The doctor, willing to go along with a good gag, gave her a bottle of sugar pills and the much-desired note excusing her from physical activity involving her right arm. Stupidly, however, she left the bottle of sugar pills in her coat pocket. Her mother found them three days later and frantically called the doctor.

The old gentleman spilled the beans. The poor girl was in disgrace at home, at school, and in the world at large.

THE higher rites of Palmerism were built, for the most part, on variations of the basic themes. There were exercises which consisted of push-pulls followed by round-and-rounds, and others which consisted of round-and-rounds followed by push-pulls. There was the string of loops which resembled endless chains of small letter "l"s. It looked like this:



But when the time came to begin writing actual letters, the brain and the arm rebelled, producing a cramped, illegible scrawl.

The object of our greatest hatred in school days was the occasional blighted child who could actually

write by the Palmer Method. If this individual happened to be a girl the thing was, after all, forgivable. But if he were a boy, the fault was a greater one than the Nestorian Heresy. For one thing, he would incur the praise of Miss Tanner and, while we did not actually hate Miss Tanner, it was still a most repulsive thing to be praised by her.

In the fifth grade there was Benjamin. He was a master of the Palmer Method. As if that were not enough, he also wore a white shirt.

Benjamin's fate was as certain as that of King Belshazzar and, like his, it was brought about by handwriting. During the noon hour one day in the fourth week of the semester we quietly surrounded Benjamin around behind the furnace room, where his cries could not be heard by the authorities. Benjamin put up a surprisingly good fight, but it was no use. After some particularly adept footwork by Iggy Stolz, and the effective use of a large board by Welman Perkins, we inscribed the name PALMER in glowing letters of mercurochrome across Benjamin's ample trousers seat.

Each of us involved in the heinous plot against Benjamin was personally reprimanded by the Principal. Notes were sent to our parents describing our barbaric actions in discrete detail. We were required, every one, to remain after school for forty minutes each day for two weeks. The punishment was light. It had been well worth it.



DELAYED ACTION

By Jerry Klein

THE Japanese Telephone & Telegraph Company recently announced a new three-year plan. During this period, it will act on applications for telephones — dating back to 1906.

Consideration of these applications after a lapse of almost half a century illustrates the quiet patience for which Orientals are famous. But even Americans, who pride themselves on their speed and efficiency, sometimes get tangled in the robes of Father Time.

Take, for instance, a man in Apponaugh, Rhode Island. His wife asked him to go to the store for some talcum powder in 1910. Forty-three years later he returned, with the correct change, declaring, "I've got a wonderful memory."

A New Yorker sent his tailor \$12 and a note saying: "I believe I still owe you for a suit bought during the war." The tailor searched all his accounts from 1939 to 1945, but could find no record of the sale. Finally, the customer forwarded the missing bill — dated June 6, 1917.

A layette was mailed from Boston in 1907. It arrived at its destination just the other day, and will be used to clothe the grandchild of the baby for whom it originally was intended.

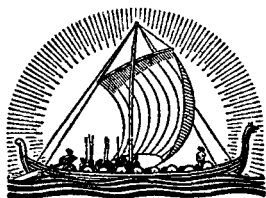
Another case of postal procrastination was disclosed recently in

New Iberia, Louisiana. A local grocer decided not to order any of the goods advertised on a card mailed from New Orleans in 1905.

Even government officials have been guilty of delayed actions. For instance, the other day the U.S. Congress told the Director of the Census that after sixteen years he could quit counting red cedar shingles. The count was authorized in 1937, when the President was studying a tariff on shingles. A general trade agreement with Canada eliminated this tariff in 1947, but no one told the census director and so he kept right on counting.

Congress also caught up with a 150-year-old slip when it approved a resolution admitting Ohio into the Union. Ohio became the 17th state back in 1803, but somehow Congress never got around to making it official.

However, other governments are known to let the years glide past, too. Just after World War II, a Sicilian farmer asked the Italian Government to pay for battle damage done to his home, and soon received forty cents. On inquiring, he found the money was compensation for a battle damage claim made by an ancestor after the War for Sicilian Liberation. This war was fought in 1860.



Northernmost Town on Earth

BY ERWIN C. LESSNER

AFTER one grueling decade, Hammerfest, Norway, northernmost town on earth, is back on the itinerary of globe-trotters — and it has never been absent from the crossword puzzle vocabulary. Statisticians will note that the latitude of the city is $70^{\circ} 40' 11''$, approximately that of the extreme north of Alaska; that it is located 1,318 miles from the North Pole as the crow flies; that the sun does not set there from May 15 to July 29; and that it does not rise between November 18 and January 23. The people of Hammerfest, however, numbering roughly 5,000, are slightly impatient with visitors who think of those figures as the town's only distinction, for Hammerfest has lately acquired claim to such titles as the "most devastated town of World War II," risen from the ruins by the exertions of its own citizens and not through handouts; as the "most solidly built settlement in extreme latitudes"; as "the city in which practically every family lives in its own house"; and last but not least, as "one of the most coura-

geous communities in the world today."

But those who would be inclined to attribute this courage to the hardening effects of extreme temperatures are sorely mistaken. Even in January, the average temperature is but slightly below freezing; rain on Christmas is not infrequent in Hammerfest, while the nearest hamlet some 140 road miles to the south-east may shiver at 55 below. Hammerfest is located on the island of Kvaloy, just off Norway's coast, surrounded by waters heated by the Gulf Stream; a rampart of hills shields the town from east winds blowing in from the coldest regions of the continent. (Fill a tub with hot water and take it into an icy cellar, put a toy island into the tub, and you get a minia-



ture of Kvaloy in winter.) Clouds of vapor emerging from the sea plunge Hammerfest into a permanent haze.

In cold weather, poor visibility keeps the fishing fleet in port, and the tangy smells, characteristic of Hammerfest in the summer, do not permeate the moist air in the mid-winter darkness. The town, however, does not hibernate. Lines form in front of the one-story movie theater featuring American "B" pictures; social gatherings are held with potent Akvavit more in demand than the products of the city's soft drink plant. Dancing parties, and even fashion shows, are being arranged. Local girls copy the latest fashions from U.S. and French magazines, to which they add local touches of multicolored embroidery and fancy belts. The men, a tall and sinewy lot, clothe like rural New Englanders.

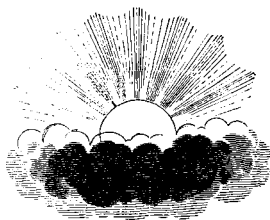
THE MOST reposeful inhabitants of Hammerfest in winter are the reindeer, whom Hammerfestians have been breeding for centuries. Late in May or in early June, when spring comes to the semi-arctic mainland, the reindeer are driven across the Stroemmen Straits to feed on the moss and high grass beyond; and when the first snows blanket the vegetation, the majestic, elk-like animals recross the narrows for their stables

on Kvaloy Island. The bi-annual swim is a grandiose sight; the choppy waters are literally covered with the heads of reindeer.

The roaming Lapps on the mainland use reindeer for transportation; the townspeople, however, have long turned to "biler" (automobiles), most of them American-made, from Cadillac to Ford, with a five-year-old model passing as "practically new." The bilers play an important part in the tourist trade. A ferry takes sightseers to the mainland, where a gravel road leads, toboggan-style, to arid plateaus almost 2,000 feet high from which glaciers, with dark rocks shining through transparent ice, float into the sea; and down into valleys where corn grows on clearings of pine forests sheltered from eastern blizzards; past streams in which salmon die of old age because few people care to fish in clear water.

The tourist trade, established at the turn of our century, was never a major branch of Hammerfest's economy, and even though a new, tidy Grand Hotel is back in operation and the curio market has its brief season, it is even less important now than it was "then," which to the local people means the complacent times before 1939.

With the exception of a brief, martial interlude some 130 years ago, when the citizens of Hammerfest took



their axes and shotguns to battle an enemy invasion that did not quite come off, the only real hardships experienced by the people of the northernmost town on earth were recessions on the fishing market, the records of which have been kept by magistrates since 1294. Since the end of the first World War, the city's exports of fish topped an annual 100,000 tons.

But the ages-old isolation of Hammerfest was savagely ended in World War II. As had their ancestors, Hammerfestians stood ready to help their country, but even the invasion and occupation of Norway by the Germans in 1940, though they hated it, left them confident and thankful that the terrible death and destruction of modern warfare was not going to reach their distant island.

THEN in October, 1944, the retreating German Twentieth Army scorched Finnmark Province (of which Hammerfest is capital), and the city was put to the torch. Cattle and reindeer were driven away or perished in flaming stables; fishing craft were hewn to pieces; nets were cut; harbor installations dynamited. The population was ordered to evacuate the scene of destruction and march south. However, about one thousand out of a total of 4,000 escaped to the mainland during the blaze, to stay and wait for the liberators.

The liberators, it was said, had plenty of food, shelter, and matériel,

and would generously help the distressed. But the "liberators" did not arrive. The Red Army, supplied with Lend-Lease matériel sufficient to relieve any number of people, did not enter ravaged Norway. The country was not within the Red sphere of interest, and those who would not be Russian chattels were left to starve.

The Lord was more generous. The 1944-45 winter was the warmest on record. Men shared whatever they had left. Lapps and Norwegians, traditionally segregated, cooperated in brotherly spirit, and everybody survived.

The Norwegian Government, returning from exile after the German surrender, cautioned the survivors that Hammerfest could not be rebuilt. Norwegian war damage amounted to almost \$1,500 per capita; there was little cash, less matériel, and practically no manpower.

But survivors stayed on, and caravans of re-migrants assembled at places as far as 1,000 miles from Hammerfest, with covered wagons, wheelbarrows, and a few rickety trucks with woodburning devices (liquid fuel was still unobtainable). Leaders made it known that nothing, not even road mines, would keep them from going back.

Confronted with their stubbornness, the government established a Ministerial Department for Reconstruction of Finnmark Province, and appointed two natives of the prov-

ince, Peder Holt, a newspaperman, and Hans Gabrielsen, a magistrate, to study the thorny problem.

These men were just out of concentration camp and believed in action rather than in surveys. They had no more than a few German POW's to clear mines and some dismantled German barracks as building material. But they had an iron will, and so had their wards.

Nobody wrote stories about how it had been accomplished, but Hammerfest would not be abandoned.

By September, 1945, the roads were clear and 1,600 emergency buildings were standing. Norwegian architects produced a new type of semi-permanent housing which could later be converted into permanent homes or farm buildings. By 1946, the number of buildings more than doubled.

BUT THERE remained the shortage of money, matériel, and, last but not least, skilled labor.

A housing bank was established to provide loans of up to 85% of construction costs; fishermen formed cooperatives to replace the ruined fleet; reindeer and cattle breeders joined in rebuilding the livestock of Finnmarken; citizens established corporations to restore wharves, docks, and power plants. Hammerfestians of all walks of life attended evening classes for carpentry and mechanics and licked the labor problem.

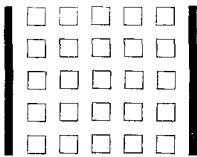
The Norwegian Government taxed owners of intact property in

favor of those who had lost theirs. Hammerfest did not want extra benefits. The Hammerfestians set their pride in going the long road to reconstruction with a minimum of assistance. And the more they progressed, the more determined they became that it should lead to something better than reconstruction.

Harold Olsen, mayor of the city, and a local citizens' committee resolved that new Hammerfest should have a house for every family, that massive motor-driven craft should replace sailboats, that masonry should supplant the traditional inflammable timber buildings, and that new industries, essentially mechanical, be encouraged to establish themselves in Hammerfest.

This sounded slightly utopian in early 1948, when only 3,141 persons lived in town. It became a near-reality four years later when the population figure passed the pre-war mark and established a new high in the history of Hammerfest.

But less than one hour's flight away, in Petsamo (formerly Finnish), the Russians maintain a large air base. From Petsamo, Red bombers could repeat the performance of the German Twentieth Army. Nobody in Hammerfest rules this out. Nobody in Hammerfest, however, would champion wavering neutralism in order to protect installations at the risk of losing liberty. The city has become a monument of fortitude, and true fortitude is bomb-proof.



ANOTHER WAY TO PLAY POST OFFICE

By Daniel Francis Clancy

THERE is more than one way to play post office. You, too, can make an impression with a postmark.

Anyone can add a touch of originality — “stamping” his greeting cards as special — by utilizing the remailing service which postmasters will supply. But you have to pick your postmasters.

New Year’s cards, for example, may be postmarked at Goodyear, Ariz., or Goodyear, Conn. Just place your cards in stamped envelopes addressed to your friends — and then package them into a large envelope and send them to the postmaster of your choice with a polite request, and he will remail them with his appropriate postmark. The town of Fiftysix, Ark., will be a good place to remember a couple of years from now.

For Feb. 14, there really is a Valentine. In fact, there are three of them — in Arizona, Nebraska, and Texas. Romantics also may send their love from towns of that name in Kentucky and Mississippi, or, they may have cards remailed from Sweet, Idaho; Heart, Kans.; or any of the four Lovelands in Colorado, Iowa, Oklahoma and Ohio.

For March 17, there is Saint Patrick, Mo. Or if you want your

words to come direct — there’s an Ireland in Indiana, Texas, West Virginia and Illinois. There’s also an Erin in Tennessee and New York, not to mention Shamrock in Texas, Florida, Missouri and Oklahoma.

It’s human nature to glance at the handwriting and postmark — and then wonder who the card is from — before opening holiday greetings.

“Well, now, and who do I know in Ireland, W. Va.?” your Irish friend will ask himself when he puzzles over the postmark on Saint Patrick’s Day. And he’ll wonder how you managed to be in the right place at the appropriate time.

For April 1 there is Joker, W. Va. For Hallowe’en you can use Tombstone, Ariz. And there is Turkey, Ark. (or Ky., N. C., or Tex.) for Thanksgiving.

For the yuletide there are the better known Christmas, Fla.; Christmas Cove, Me.; Hollytree, Ala.; Hollybush, Ky.; a plain Holly in Colorado, Michigan and West Virginia; a Noel in Missouri and Virginia; Santa, Idaho, and the much publicized Santa Claus, Ind., which postmarks millions of cards and packages yearly. There is also a Goodwill, W. Va.

And for general use there is Cardville, Maine.

Do You Know That...

- ▶ A Senate investigation reveals that at least 50,000 people died as a result of North Korean and Communist Chinese atrocities. Among the total were two-thirds of all American prisoners in Red hands, at least 5,639 troops, either murdered outright at the time of capture or "beaten, starved and tortured" to death.
- ▶ Vincent W. Hallinan, wealthy pro-Communist Progressive Party candidate for the Presidency, is serving a prison sentence for evading payment of \$36,739 in Federal income taxes.
- ▶ Well over a million people crossed the North Atlantic by ship and plane in 1953, breaking all previous records for such travel.
- ▶ Eleven Japanese lawyers, most of whom defended war criminals in the Japanese war guilt trials, plan to sue Harry S. Truman and the U.S. Government on behalf of the victims of atomic attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They allege violation of international and American domestic law.
- ▶ The doctor who discovered the polio vaccine which will be used in a mass test on school children this spring, has made a report on influenza which indicates that in a high percentage of cases diagnosed as flu, there is no known flu virus present. He believes that these cases may well be attributed to what is popularly known as "Virus X," an entirely separate illness.
- ▶ The whaling industry, increasingly mechanized in past years, is now using helicopters to spot the mammals and report their location to the catcher boats by radio.
- ▶ A Department of Agriculture survey revealed that only 24 cents of every dollar's worth of beef sold in Eastern markets reaches the rancher who raised the animals. Nothing has been learned about how to cut down the spread between price to rancher and price to consumer.
- ▶ Experts studying current germ warfare charges against the United States recall that identical charges were made against the Japanese by the Russians during the hostilities in Manchuria in the 1930's. Such charges were the basis of a trial of twelve Japanese officers, whose "confessions" in 1949 are closely duplicated by "confessions" wrung from American POW's.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

HOW TO CATCH A VOTE FRAUD

By I. E. Levine

ON ELECTION DAY several years ago, George Abrams stepped up to a nervous-looking man who had just signed the voters' registry in a New York polling place and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me," he said, "but what name did you just sign?"

"Lester Wilson," replied the jittery would-be voter.

"You're looking mighty healthy for a man who's been dead five years," Abrams said wryly as he motioned to a waiting policeman.

Putting the finger on election day frauds is an old story to George Abrams, a stocky, apple-cheeked man of 51. As chief investigator for the Honest Ballot Association in New York — a non-profit, non-partisan group dedicated to insuring clean elections — he has devoted the last twenty-six years to tracking down repeaters, floaters, and other members of the fraudulent-voting fraternity.

He probably knows more about the modus operandi of this type of law-breaker than any other citizen in America. His years of polls-sleuthing have taught him to smell out a fishy ballot in less time than it takes a straight party voter to click down a line of levers on a voting machine.

Ballot-box shenanigans aren't limited to politicians alone. In his work with the Honest Ballot Association, Abrams has supervised hundreds of private elections throughout the nation for unions, educational groups, stockholders, and veterans' organizations. He is convinced that the election prac-

tices of some dignified educators, union leaders, and business executives would put a ward heeler to shame.

For example, HBA officials smiled in tolerant disbelief when they first started receiving complaints that school district elections weren't on the up and up. They were all the more shocked, as a result, when Abrams' investigations in many communities uncovered school elections where 20 to 60 per cent of the total vote cast was fraudulent.

The reason? Taxes, explains Abrams. Educators are constantly asking for renovation of school buildings and expansion of educational services. Taxpayer groups are usually dead set against spending more money and assert that the educators aren't making full use of the facilities they already have. The result is very often a brass-knuckle, no-holds-barred slugfest when these opposing interests square off at the polls.

In addition to an intimate knowledge of corrupt practices used to load the ballot boxes, Abrams' chief stock in trade is an ability to spot suspicious behavior, plus an uncanny memory for names and addresses. In one New York City mayoralty election, he caught seventeen floaters at a clip because they made the mistake of registering from the same address, a Turkish bath he had once visited.

Repeat voters invariably follow an old maxim of their trade: they vote early and often. The all-time

champion in Abrams' book was a man who started out just as the polls opened in the 1932 elections and managed to cast 160 votes before lunch time.

One factor in Abrams' favor is the stupidity or ignorance of most dishonest voters. In one case, a man burst into the HBA's permanent offices at 27 William Street in lower Manhattan and excitedly said that he wanted to report a "vote fraud." Abrams calmed the man, pulled out a complaint form, and demanded details. The voter explained that his district leader had promised to pay him two dollars each time he cast a ballot for a certain candidate. "I voted five times," the man shouted angrily. "Now my leader doesn't want to pay me. I want you to help me collect the ten dollars!"

WHEN election day approaches, about 75 investigators are hired to assist Abrams. Most are men who have passed examinations qualifying them for the FBI or the police department. Their main job is to run down fraudulent registrations.

Between registration week and election day, the HBA recruits about 5,000 volunteer workers and gives them a short, intensive course in polls watching. Watchers are assigned to a quarter of New York's 4,000 polling places. Since Abrams is careful not to tip his hand, which polls are to be covered by HBA watchers is kept a top secret.

On election day, every Associa-

tion watcher is armed with an official watcher's certificate supplied by the local political parties. Local party leaders are usually willing to hand over all the certificates HBA needs. If a district leader refuses, Abrams' suspicions are understandably aroused, and the district is pinpointed for special attention.

During voting hours, Abrams cruises from one trouble spot to another, flanked by two police lieutenants. Having a police escort has been standard operating procedure since 1933, when the New York mayoralty race resulted in scores of bloodied heads. In one election district alone, more than 6,000 fraudulent registrations were uncovered. It was so stormy that HBA president Chadbourne himself was arrested for disorderly conduct when he demanded the arrest of two members of an election board.

Abrams himself has been quite fortunate in escaping the physical hazards of his career. His last injury was in 1928, when he was kicked in the shin by an irate district leader.

The job of the Honest Ballot Association is not just to trap fraudulent voters. Just as important is seeing to it that the honest citizen's vote is safeguarded. Abrams has found that many politicians don't even bother to buy votes. They simply install their henchmen as ballot tabulators or polls watchers. By voiding enough honest opposition votes, they manage to squeeze their own candidates into public office.

Therefore, one of Abrams' chief headaches is caused by tampered ballot slips and voting machines. Because they require direct handling by a tabulator, paper ballots are the most easily "fixed." A favorite method is for the election official to insert a small piece of pencil lead under his fingernail. He automatically voids the vote by placing an additional mark on the ballot.

But automatic voting machines cause headaches, too. Contrary to what the public thinks, they do not offer foolproof protection. Unscrupulous politicians are forever devising ingenious ways of circumventing these mechanical guardians of the democratic process. Abrams has dealt with hundreds of cases where names of certain candidates were purposely defaced on the balloting machines or where small pieces of metal were jammed under voting levers to confuse the voter and prevent his ballot from being registered properly. In some instances, polls watchers appointed by crooked politicians skillfully manipulate the voting machine curtain from outside the booth, thus voiding hundreds of legitimate votes.

BETWEEN general elections, the Association's chief year-round job is to conduct elections for private and semi-private groups throughout the country. For this service, a charge of forty cents per voter is levied — the HBA's traditional price. Yet despite the assistance of volun-

teer workers and financial contributions from civic-minded citizens, these fees barely enable the Association to break even. But the HBA's directors have steadfastly refused to raise the fee. "Inflation may have driven other commodities sky high," Abrams says, "but the price of honesty is one thing that won't go up as far as we're concerned."

His zeal in seeing that voters get their legal due approaches a religion. And he respects citizens who fight for their rights at the polls. In one private election, an elderly voter struggled into the polling booth and stayed on and on. The grumbling and pleas of those waiting outside had no effect. "This is serious business," the oldster shouted in reply. "I will not be rushed into a hasty decision."

The matter was finally referred to Abrams, who upheld the determined voter's right to remain indecisive for as long as necessary. It took something over an hour for the elderly gentleman to make up his mind.

THE antidote to the fraudulent vote menace? Aroused public opinion led by crusading newspapers and magazines, Abrams believes. He once came upon a group of 500 men and women lined up before the entrance to a Manhattan political club just before an important election. Suspicious, he approached a well-known political leader who was distributing crisp new dollar bills.

"Do you always give money away

before election day?" Abrams asked wryly.

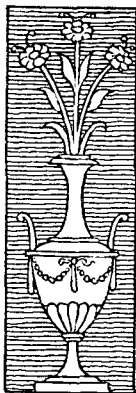
"It's one of my hobbies," the politician explained with an unabashed air.

Abrams immediately telephoned a newspaper, which assigned a reporter and photographer to the case. When they arrived, Abrams again confronted the political leader while the newsmen remained in the background. The whole story, with pictures, was spread across the newspaper the following day. The politician wound up in jail.

Many politicians, Abrams has found, will actually boast about their election day shenanigans if they feel the public has adopted a "don't give a damn" attitude. He likes to tell about a former New York governor whose backers swung his election through thousands of fraudulent votes. With the governor's knowledge and approval, men and women had been hired to cast votes in the names of citizens who had long since passed away.

Some years after his retirement from office, the governor met an old newspaper acquaintance while traveling on a train through Syracuse, New York. As they rumbled past a graveyard, the newspaperman pointed it out. "See that cemetery?" he said. "That's where you were elected, Mr. Governor."

"And why not?" the politician retorted innocently. "Alive, they would have voted for me anyway."



THE VATICAN CITY

Europe's Smallest State

BY THE REV. STEPHEN J. ROCHE

THERE is an Iron Curtain in the East, in the West there is the Bronze Door guarded by the Swiss Guard, armed with halberds. This door gives access to the smallest (100 acres) and to the youngest European state, over which reigns an old man clad in a white soutane; yet he is the most powerful sovereign in the universe. This state is built on an immense cemetery, and, when one excavates, one stumbles on deep catacombs, on sanctuaries where the pagans first of all, then the first Christians, placed their dead. There was also in the actual subsoil a Circus, and it was there that Nero put to death some of the first martyrs of the new religion.

An air of Sunday boredom pervades the streets and peaceful courtyards of the Vatican City. The military are numerous and good-natured, resplendent in their uniforms dating from the time of the Renais-

sance to that of Napoleon III.

The cleanliness is perfect, and the morale on the streets, also. There are no cafes, no newspaper kiosks; all commerce is forbidden by law.

The Chief of State lives in the Apostolic Palace. He is at one and the same time Sovereign of the Vatican City and Chief of the Catholic Church; his predecessor, St. Peter, was crucified here, even head downwards, about 1883 years ago.

The entry to the Vatican City is by three principal doors—the Bronze Door, St. Anne's, and the Arc of Bells. There are no customs officials at the frontier, but there is a double barrage to cross: that of the Swiss Guards, first of all, who will present arms if you are a Bishop or look like an ambassador; then there are the Pontifical gendarmes, who will direct you towards an office to obtain a visitor's permit.

Three-quarters of an hour are

necessary to make the exterior tour of the Vatican City, encircled on all sides by the city of Rome. It is a charming walk along the old walls. However, to be exact, it is impossible to trace the exact frontiers of the City, for it is a State which possesses proportionally the greatest number of extraterritorial properties. The exterior territories on which the Pope exercises the plenitude of his temporal power are more vast than the Vatican City itself. They are in Rome or in the neighborhood, with the exception of Assisi and Loreto. On the contrary, the Vatican City loses its citizens when these no longer reside within its frontiers. The Cardinals alone form an exception, for they preserve their citizenship even if they dwell outside the City, provided they do not quit Rome.

THE Apostolic Palace, as the Vatican is properly called, is composed of about 10,000 rooms, galleries, apartments, etc. There are 12,523 windows, 997 staircases, of which about 300 are hidden. Besides the Papal apartments, throne rooms, etc., there are quite a number of quarters nestling in walls, under roofs, in towers and in the cellars of this building, which was begun six centuries ago and is ever undergoing repair and reconstruction.

The Basilica of St. Peter naturally occupies the greatest portion of the little state. It is the largest church in the world, but many

visitors find it too rich and luminous. For them a sanctuary must necessarily be Gothic and of a subdued light, and yet St. Peter's can boast of extraordinary lines of beauty and harmony. It is about 640 feet long, and 420 feet high. The baldachino of the Confession, which rises above the High Altar, is as high as the Louvre at Paris. A beautiful church in Rome, San Carlino, would comfortably find a place between the four pillars of the center.

The Vatican City has about 30 streets and courtyards, about fifty houses, two churches besides St. Peter's, a parish, a mountain on which stands Radio Vatican, a railway station, four post offices, a law court, two prisons, two newspapers (the official *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, in Latin, and a semiofficial, the *Osservatore Romano*, in Italian) and four military barracks. Women are in a minority in the Vatican City. The population is 1,031 inhabitants, of which 850 are men and 181 women. But no woman, even though residing within the City, can be a citizen.

One cannot be born a citizen of the Vatican City. One becomes a citizen by a decision of the Pope, and a passport is then issued by the Governor.

The happy citizens of the Vatican City pay no taxes; they do not pay even rent since they live there only if their duties require them to do so. They are exempt from military service. The state provides them at

a very reduced price, bread, milk, sugar, clothing, in the official stores to which they alone are admitted. Pharmaceutical products are provided by the State Pharmacy.

The Vatican City draws its revenue, which totals about two million lira monthly, from the sale of postage stamps, of which 27 series have been issued since 1929. Since the revenues do not cover all the expenses for officials, army, public works, the Vatican City shows a deficit which the Holy See, on the presentation of the bills, makes up. The temporal State is one of the chapters in the financial book of the Holy See.

An agreement with Italy establishes the free circulation of the Italian lire in the Vatican City, but the Pope strikes also his own coins (gold and silver pieces), which are chiefly items for collectors.

One of the most visible attributes of the sovereignty of the Vatican is its railway station. Beyond a few trains that it receives, its principal purpose is to mark the independence of the State, and that is why it possesses an imposing front and several yards of rails which link it with the Italian railways. It has also an iron gate which can be closed and so can interrupt all communication between the Italian railroads and the Vatican Station.

Three law courts exist at the Vatican City, although only one is actually within the precincts. Trials are rare because the citizens are law-

abiding and because the Vatican authorities prefer, when it is possible, to hand over the accused to the Italian authorities.

The City has neither primary nor secondary schools; there are only the Pontifical Academy and classes for the choir boys.

Although trade or industry is practically negligible, there is a quarter where one hears the noise of motors and machines. Mosaics, uniforms for the army, and statues for the Basilicas are designed and manufactured. Two great printing establishments function at the Vatican. One, for polyglot typography, possesses the characters of all the world's languages.

THERE is no trade unionism at the Vatican. Some attempts to found a union were made at the time of the Liberation, but the few hot-heads were quietly and discreetly disbanded. The discipline among the personnel is very severe. The officials who live outside the City are bound to furnish every quarter a certificate from their Parish priest attesting that they frequent the Sunday Mass and have made their Easter Duty.

The Pope's army counts 790 men. It is composed of several companies, perfectly distinct, between whom there is very little fraternization. There is neither a Minister of War nor a Chief of General Staff. The Pope's Guards are of two kinds: the Noble Guard (80 men) and the

Palatine Guards (450). Their service is only periodical and they do not live in the Vatican.

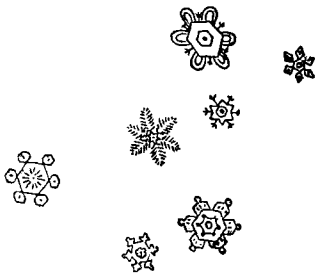
The Pontifical Gendarmes (150) men and the Swiss Guards (110 men) live in barracks within the Vatican City, and receive a monthly pay. The Swiss mount guard over the Pope; the gendarmes police the whole territory.

THE RIGHT to marry is still denied the Swiss Guard. The Pontifical Government over a century ago considered that their pay was not adequate. The great giants who guard the Vatican complain bitterly but discreetly. They hope, however, to regain their right one fine day.

Last come the Sampietrini. The upkeep or preservation of St. Peter's is assigned to this Guild, which has existed since the sixteenth century, in which membership is hereditary. About 70 in number, they have a special uniform and from childhood are submitted to a long gymnastic

training so that they are veritable acrobats. They have a special technique, which they guard as a secret, for climbing to the summit of columns when the Basilica is being decorated in preparation for some great ceremony. But the exploit which gains them the admiration of the world is the illumination of the front of the Basilica, which means putting in place 5,000 lanterns and 1,000 torches.

At the beginning of this article I called the Vatican City the youngest European state; with equal truth I could have called it the oldest. It has witnessed the decline and the fall of the Roman Empire, of the Spanish Empire and of the Hapsburgs. But its greatest title to glory is its possession of the tomb of that poor but warmhearted and impetuous Galilean fisherman, Peter, the first Pontiff, and outside its walls and yet part of it, that other Basilica dedicated simply to "Paul, Apostle of Jesus Christ."



Snow

God is up in the sky
 Making ice cream.
 The angels will send it down.
 They will gently put it on the ground.
 The angels will fly up
 And bring us more on another day.

ADRIAN BRAMANTE

7 years old

A JURY OF YOUR PEERS

By Paul E. Ederheimer

I HAVEN'T much faith in a trial by a jury of my peers. This does not mean that I lack faith in my country and her institutions. I don't. However, I do lack faith in some of my countrymen when they presume to weigh evidence in court and then pass judgment on their findings.

If ever I break the law, or become involved in litigation, I want the three Justices of the Court of Special Sessions to try my case. Failing that, I'll take a jury composed of men and women who have been successful in their respective fields, in short — a 'blue ribbon' jury.

I've been a juror almost a score of times. Perhaps I've made mistakes. I admit to being emotional, even susceptible, to a degree, when grace and comeliness stand before the tribunal. But I am a Solomon compared to many with whom I have served.

Let's take the case of Subway Sally.

Having outlined the plaintiff's case, her attorney turned to the panel of prospective jurors and asked, "If we prove this case as we have outlined it for you, is there any reason why you ladies and

gentlemen cannot render a just verdict on the evidence we will submit?"

It took me a moment to reflect on his brief story. The way I saw it, his client didn't have sense enough to hang onto a strap that was available to her on a New York subway express train. As a result of her negligence she broke her arm when the train rumbled around a curve below Grand Central Station. Now she was bringing suit against the City of New York.

The woman had my sympathy. But I had been impaneled to exercise my judgment. Compassion, when opposed to reason, was out. Therefore, I raised my hand and asked to be excused on the grounds that I didn't think that the City should act as guardian angel to her adult citizens.

"Very well," said her lawyer, "you are excused." Later he thanked me profusely for my honesty. He made it sound as if such frankness was unusual. "You gave my client a big break by disqualifying yourself. I wish that all jurors would be so candid *before* they sit on a case."

Two days later the trial came to

an end and then I understood what he meant. A housewife, with whom I had served on a previous case, chided me for having disqualified myself. "You missed out on a most interesting case," she said. "Plenty of fireworks and both sides had swell lawyers, especially the corporation counsel; he was cute." I told her that I couldn't possibly serve on a case when my mind already was made up, for that would be two strikes against, in this case, the plaintiff. "If that's going to be your attitude," she said, "what's the fun in being called for jury duty?" In short, she was a juror for the *kicks* in it.

THAT lone incident is not enough to cause me to question the sagacity of the Founding Fathers who, in the Third Article of the Constitution and again in the Sixth Amendment, guaranteed us the right of trial by jury. But, alas, that incident was not isolated by any means. I can't help wishing that the nobles at Runnymede hadn't insisted on the phrase, "a jury of our peers."

I have a deeply rooted respect for our American customs. Voting, for one, is a privilege to be taken seriously. After twenty-five years (the war years excepted) I still get a tremendous thrill whenever I pull the little levers down over the names of my candidates. And, for the same reason, I take my biennial service on the jury as an important service to the community.

Every two years I spend two weeks a-servin' of "the lady with the blindfold" as a juror for the City of New York. And every two years I see more evidence pile up to convince me that the average talesman, and taleswoman, for that matter, not only does not know what being a juror means, but actually defeats the ends of justice by being on the panel.

I'm not even carping about the philanthropists now. Those men and women on a case who, with such open-handed generosity, dip into the coffers of large corporations and insurance companies to dispense largess to anyone who brings suit — and that, regardless of fact, evidence or contributory negligence! At times I wonder whether they claim a percentage of their vicarious charities as income-tax exemptions. However, there are jurors more stupidly vicious than the philanthropists and bored housewives.

Let's consider the case in which an elderly woman brought suit for damages she sustained. In this case, a broken hip was due, she alleged, to negligence on the part of the property owners. While examining the panel of prospective jurors for background, prejudices, etc., the attorneys learned that one was an artist, a man who painted easel pictures. A sweet young thing on the panel caught her breath, audibly, in what was supposed to be an ecstatic, sensitive sob upon hearing this. Unfortunately for the ends

of justice, the artist and the sweet young thing were acceptable to both plaintiff's counsel and defendant's. It didn't help matters when, shortly, they made the mutual discovery that they were "soul-mates."

When we, the jury, finally got the case and retired for our deliberations, the soul-mates, having dealt with the Barbizon painters (during the trial), loftily were disparaging Cézanne, Van Gogh, Roualt, Soutine, Picasso and Braque. We asked them for their opinions — of the case, I mean; they had none. "Oh, we'll go along with what the majority decide," they said in sweet unison.

But of all the cases on which I sat as juror, The Case of The Appellate Term must be ranked first; and that by a very wide margin. It was one of those messy cases, a family squabble. Briefly, Dad had retired and turned the business over to his sons. And then, after meeting with financial losses in the stock market, he went to work for his grateful progeny.

As dutiful children should do, they signed dear old Dad up to a very strict contract, giving not an inch. Nevertheless, according to the evidence, Dad seemed to have delivered right on the barrel head. But his sons wouldn't pay gracefully. For that matter, they wouldn't even pay ungracefully. We got the case in the City Court. Sympathy aside, it looked like a cinch for

Dad. He had a good lawyer, a good story and an honest and pleasing manner while telling it. The judge's charge, wherein *credible evidence* was mentioned, wrapped it up for us.

"Let's smoke a cigarette," said the foreman, "so that we will use up at least ten minutes in deliberation, and make it look good. Of course you all agreed that the Old Man should get the verdict?" "Hear, hear," we chorused, or words to that effect.

We mashed our cigarettes out preparatory to calling the court attendant, when one of the jurors said, "Just a moment, we cannot give the Old Man the full amount he's asking for."

"Why can't we?" asked the foreman.

"If we do give him the full amount, the defense will appeal and then the Appellate Division will reverse our decision," said the juror judiciously. I looked at him in amazement. What I saw was reassuring — a pimply-faced young fellow in his middle twenties. Aside from his acne, he was distinguished only by his soiled linen and frayed necktie — nothing we couldn't handle.

"Very funny," said the foreman. "Now let's go out there and give Dad his money." Again we started to call for the attendant. But once again our juror objected. He wasn't kidding. Somewhere, sometime he may have been exposed to Law. Or

perhaps, he was a devotee of Arthur Train's Mr. Tutt series; or a profound student of Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason. In any case he stuck to his point. That was before the war, World War II, when all twelve jurors had to agree on a verdict in a civil suit. I took over and tried pure, cool reason.

"Listen," I said, "don't you think it presumptuous on our part to state at what price and at what point the defense will appeal? Don't you think it even more presumptuous, not to say downright stupid, for us to forecast the action the Appellate Term will take?"

MY WORDS couldn't shake him. Again he said with Jovian aplomb, "If we give the plaintiff the whole amount, the defendant will appeal and then the Appellate Division will reverse our decision. Therefore, we'll award less money and beat both the defense and the appeals judges." During the foregoing statement, grizzled veterans of the jury shook their heads. I fought for self-control and won it, admirably. Once again I tried a mixture of pure reason and cold logic.

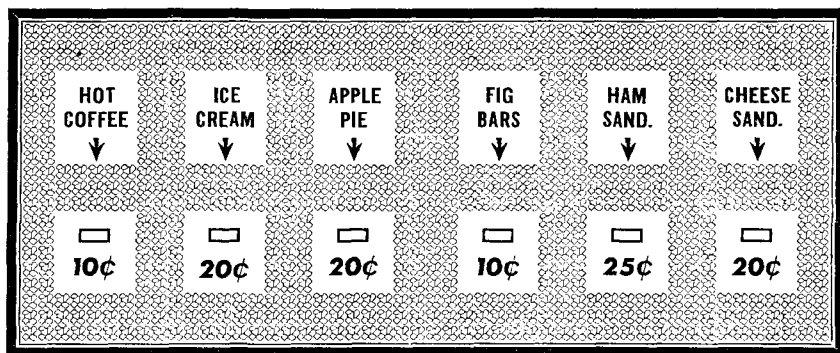
Slowly and painstakingly I took him over the ground, all the testimony we had heard. Then I told him that it wasn't in our province to decide at what point the defendants will appeal a case, any case; nor how the justices of the Appellate Term will decide a case,

ultimately, if appealed. "The only question we are asked to decide, the only question we are *allowed* to decide," I said, "is—Do we think that the plaintiff, Dad, in this case, is entitled to the amount for which he is bringing suit?"

"Yes," he said generously, "in a way you are right. But you don't seem to understand that it's silly to give the Old Man all the money, because the Appellate Division, on appeal by—" At that point my iron restraint cracked; my calm deserted me. In short, I blew my stack. Grasping young Blackstone firmly by the throat I pulled him out of his chair and propelled him toward an open window. The quick action of the foreman saved me from, at least, a second-degree murder rap. Putting two jurors on my lap, males, he tried to reason with the Boy Nostradamus, the self-appointed Amicus Curiae. All to no avail.

Two hours later we trooped sadly into the courtroom to inform the judge that we couldn't agree on a verdict, a verdict we should have been able to give in two minutes flat. I still think that His Honor sneered at us as he waved his hand in dismissal.

A "jury of my peers"? Not for me. If I cannot have my case tried by the three Justices who sit on the Court of Special Sessions, give me a jury of my superiors. Yes, I want a Blue Ribbon Jury—the bluer, the better.



Our Growing Robot Army

BY CEDRIC LARSON

THE AMERICAN SHOPPER is notoriously impatient. Few Americans want to stand around in a store and wait. Hence the phenomenal growth of the automatic machine which operates in a second or two, and gives the desired merchandise with no back-talk.

Today, almost 3,800,000 vending machines dispense everything from apples to aspirin, hot coffee to hot dogs, soup to soap, cigars to stationery, popcorn to postcards, photographs to French fried potatoes, books to razor blades, ice cubes to the latest numbers on the hit parade.

Every year alluring merchandise, needed services, or tantalizing entertainment in one form or another coaxes from the pockets of Mr. and

Mrs. America five billion dimes, an astronomical number of nickels, 400 million quarters, and countless combinations of these and other coins.

No field in merchandising is growing more rapidly today than automatic merchandising. Gross receipts in this area for 1953 were estimated at 1.5 billion dollars.

The second World War, and the entire defense industry in the post-war years, required greater productive efficiency. Millions of men and women became acquainted with the special virtues of quick snacks, drinks, and other conveniences dispensed by machine. With the dearth of sales help, a whole new buying public, conditioned to the vending machine, arose.

Last year statisticians estimated that for food and merchandise alone there were some 20 billion individual vending machine sales, representing around 125 sales per annum for every man, woman and child in America. Gross receipts show a per capita expenditure of \$10.00 for our entire population during the year.

Each year during the past decade has shown a new high in recorded sales for the vending machine, with no end in sight. In looking ahead in future years, it is possible that thousands of products ultimately will prove practical for machine selling. Everyone has read about the "freaks" of the trade — the cocktail mixing machine that permits the drinker to devise his own recipe, the "dime-awakener" which arouses the hotel guest who has to make the 6:45, the coin-operated undulating mattress which rocks the insomniac to sleep, and a host of other Rube Goldberg devices — but the future of the industry as a whole will not rest with these fantastic schemes.

In coin-operated entertainment devices, there is almost a whole industry by itself. There are close to 450,000 jukeboxes today in the United States, owned and operated by 7,500 small businessmen, and installed in 450,000 separate outlets. Each jukebox offers from 40 to 120 music selections. They consume 60 million records annually.

Mechanized games are doing a good business each year. Fifty million Americans, from small fry

to octogenarians, deposit approximately 500 million nickels in these tantalizing contrivances.

BUT the solid, meat-and-potatoes income of the coin-in-the-slot world is in food and drink, cigarettes, stamps and other essentials, as contrasted to the "luxury" and entertainment areas.

The vending machine industry is hardly more than 25 years old. One of the largest manufacturers of vending equipment today is the Rowe Corporation, whose main plant is at Whippany, New Jersey.

Back in 1928, Robert Greene, now president of the Rowe Corporation, was in a Los Angeles hotel lobby, and saw his first cigarette-vending machine. He was fascinated by it and looked up the owner-inventor, William H. Rowe. Greene was a born salesman, and soon had a coast-to-coast distribution franchise. Greene struck pay dirt from the first, for in each city, the cigarette-vending machine made an instant hit. In a few weeks he sent the inventor \$187,500 and orders for 2,500 machines.

Since that time the Rowe Corporation have sold almost 175,000 machines, from which they vend more than 100 million packages of cigarettes annually, and a host of other consumable merchandise. This firm's growth has paced the remarkable upsurge of the whole field.

The average weekly wage of the nation's retail clerks has gone up

about a third since the end of World War II. Many stores and plants have found a solution to this soaring overhead in vending machines for many lines. However, the machine will never replace all person-to-person selling, but rather supplement it. You will hardly ever, even in a distant Buck Rogers era, expect to buy a mink coat, a new Cadillac, or a washing machine via vending machine.

Ninety per cent of all manufacturing plants employing over 75 persons now have one or more vending machines, as do 98 per cent of plants with 1,000 or more employees. Today there are 75 per cent more mechanical venders in industrial shops than even at the peak of World War II.

Factory managers report the dispensers a sure method of helping keep morale and output high at no cost. Says one: "Without the vending machines we would certainly have to set up refreshment stands within the plant and add to our growing losses from restaurant operations."

DURING 1952 and 1953, the vending machine industry went into an entirely new field: "in-plant feeding." This began with requests for vendors that would handle sandwiches, pastry, cake, ice cream, and other foods. These soon led to the "automatic buffet" — batteries of food and drink dispensers to supply complete, inexpensive meals.

The success of the "automatic buffet" in industrial plants led to another field of operations: meals for railway passengers. Virtually every railroad loses money on its dining cars, and when the Pennsylvania Railroad heard of the automatic buffet, they decided to try putting it on wheels.

For the initial trial, in one end of a standard coach, five dispensers offered fruit juice, milk, sandwiches, coffee, candy, pastry and ice cream. The passengers took to the idea from the first. The automatic buffet is now featured on some of the "name" trains of the Pennsylvania between New York and Washington. The railroad reports that it is the only one of their meal operations to show a profit.

In the vending machine business, constant testing is the key to success.

Tomorrow, the public demand for push-button convenience may lead to markets whose every operation is controlled, swiftly and economically, by coins and levers. There may be automatic newsstands and automatic soda fountains. Fully automatic cafeterias may serve up whole meals from soup to nuts, requiring no attendants except servicemen to keep the larder full, and a cashier to make change.

But the basic element in any future trend will always remain a simply operated vendor, offering a reasonable selection, which can serve a large public daily.



Goodbye to the Blaskets

By
DONAL O'CAHILL

NEWS that the Blaskets — those storm-lashed islands off the southwest of Ireland — are “closing down” recalls vividly the circumstances of my first visit to that stronghold of Gaelic culture. Although for many years I had been hoping to make the trip, it was not until 1932 that I did so and, curiously enough, then at the request of the poet W. B. Yeats. Impelled by all they had read and heard of the Blasket Islanders, two of the poet’s friends — one a famous American professor, the other an equally famous English painter — had expressed their desire to visit the islands; and, having introduced us, Yeats asked if I would make the necessary arrangements and accompany them — a request I was only too ready to grant.

And so one summer morning we motored from Killarney on our way via Dingle to the coast and struck the quaint little fishing village of Dunquin on what, to us, seemed a most unpromising day. The sky was overcast, the sea rough, and a disturbingly strong gale was blowing from the south. Across the Sound, the Great Blasket — like a huge

whale threshing up wide sheets of spray from head and sides — looked forbidding and farther away than three miles.

Just then Muirish (who had been advised by ‘phone) with two strapping lads taken from the turf-cutting, came down the hill to meet us. “God and Mary to you!” he said in Gaelic, sliding the hafts of his oars to the ground. “You’re in right time.”

I looked at my friend, the painter; he looked at the professor; and the professor looked out to sea.

“God and Mary and Patrick to you, Muirish,” I replied, hurriedly, in the language of his greeting. “But isn’t it a frightful day for the island?”

Muirish straightened himself with a jerk and gave us a pitying look. “Heh, man,” said he, indicating the North Atlantic in general and Saint Gregory’s Sound in particular with a sweep of his hand. “’tis like a duck pond this day.” And with that Muirish, shouldering his oars, beckoned his assistants and they trotted down the rocky path to the quay.

There was no mistaking it, Muirish was in command now. Imperi-

ously he allocated our places in a small, gondola-like "currach," and ordered us in. Then three bladeless oars slashed into the sea and we were bounding southward against the wind, our currach leaping at ridge after ridge of hissing water that each moment threatened to overwhelm us. What chance had we against a wind like that? Or against waves like these? Waves that, plunging past us, raged over the rock and swept upwards for forty or fifty feet against the cliffs, deafening us with their thunder.

To reassure myself I looked at Muirish. His face was inscrutable. Then I examined the boat. Boat! It was a slip of a thing made of light trellised laths and tarred canvas — a "cockle-shell," incredible, everything, anything but my conception of what a boat should be. I felt the water pulsing, surging, crashing against it, heard the slender framework of laths whine with the impact of every wave. Heavens, was this the thing that was taking us to the Blaskets! Was this all that was between us and how many fathoms of treacherous sea!

FOR a quarter of an hour no word was spoken — nothing but the hard rhythmic breathing of the men. At least three of us were silent lest we speak our fear. We had turned westward, making for the open sea, when Muirish nodded towards a wedge of mainland on our left.

"That's Dunmore Head!" he

shouted, his words being barely audible in the wind.

Dunmore Head! The words eased the tension. After all, if Muirish could talk of things like that at such a time, he must feel sure of himself. So why not we? The painter tried to look interested. The professor managed a wan smile. But Muirish merely had stopped for breath and now was shouting again.

"'Twas hereabouts — one of the Spanish Armada — *Our Lady of the Rosary* — was wrecked — with five hundred souls — smashed to smithereens, they say," and a particularly vicious wave split against our bow and splayed over us, drenching us with spray. The professor gripped the gunwale till his knuckles whitened. The painter crossed himself.

We looked towards the island again. It was losing that whalelike shape now, was becoming more a conical hill set above a wall of ragged cliffs. Soon the houses became clearer, their white walls sharply outlined against the hill, and all clustering at its base. And then, framed against the darkness of doors and windows, appeared faces, old and young, heads hatted, kerchiefed, bare. We saw them sign to each other, heard them call to one another excitedly, for the strange boat spelled romance to them.

A group of islanders, all wearing blue jerseys, homespun trousers, and wide-brimmed black hats, greeted us on the cliffs. "*De bheath-sa,*

strainséir! (Welcome, strangers)." they said, and the whole island echoed their greeting.

THE VILLAGE consisted at that time of about thirty houses, including a school, set at all angles against the hill. In contrast with the warmth within — for all the houses were comfortable and many of them even roomy — their whitewashed walls and roofs of tarred canvas made even more dreary a landscape already black in the extreme. There was little vegetation on the island, no trees, and — as we know them — no roads. You heard occasional references to "roads," of course, but these were merely uneven, stony paths. They ran uphill and down, they crossed and re-crossed and wound precariously along the cliffs but, for the unwary, it was always only a step to eternity. Those Blasket "roads" were not made for mere mortals, but for the legs of men born to the sea.

The islanders — there were about one hundred and twenty on the island then — were a simple, dignified, courteous people. It was only by the utmost industry that they managed to get a living, wrung from churlish soil and snatched dangerously from the sea. For all that, they were extremely hospitable and even gay, the sternest of them ever ready for a song, story or dance.

If we had reason to know Muirish's worth as an oarsman, we had

even more proof of his efficiency as a guide. In the village he was quite at home and was at pains to make us feel at home, too. Having news for this person and that, he visited house after house and we, being at his heels, drew up our chairs to many a fire.

At one end of the village a tall woman greeted us — a queenly woman in whom age and youth blent strangely, with a head that Rodin might have raved over and a tongue of Gaelic that was a joy to hear. She talked of many things — of the Gaelic Revival in which all the islanders were interested, of fishing, spinning, and Old World ways of life. She was still hale at ninety and an authoress, having published her autobiography, *My Own Story*. When she smilingly bade us "God speed!" we understood why it is that Celticists and folklorists of note still cross continents to converse with Peg Sayers.

Tomas O'Crohan, who was then alive, welcomed us at his cottage door. A spare, thin-lipped man with piercing eyes, Tomas was over forty years when he learned to read and write. Yet, framed on his kitchen wall we saw the Aonach Tailteann Certificate of Award for his book, *An t-Oileanach* (The Islandman) — a frank, crisply written account of Island life for seventy years, which was published in 1929. Maurice O'Sullivan, author of *Twenty Years A-Growing*, was another Blasket man.

Everywhere we went there was proof of the people's industry. Men were digging in their stony plots, young lads were drawing up seaweed to fertilize the soil, and a line of donkeys, laden with baskets of turf, was being led downhill to the village. Then we sat on a pile of nets and watched an old man lengthening — actually lengthening — a currach. It is a difficult job lengthening a currach but life on the remote island had sharpened the wits and readied the hands of the islanders until they could build a currach, carve a miniature ship, or even make a fiddle with comparative ease.

AFTER LUNCH the professor suggested a climb and Muirish led us up the hill by a "road" — the most pretentious on the island.

There are some really magnificent views from the top of the hill. The island itself, completely altered when seen from the summit, staggers westward for over four miles to a point, and becomes ever more precipitous and bleak. To the east is the mainland from Sybil Head to Sleah Head ("next parish to America," the natives say) with Croagh Marhin and Mount Eagle in between. Southward lie the famous seabird sanctuaries of the Skelligs and Iveragh, while to the north and west are Inishtuiscirt, Tearaght, and other islands of the Blasket group, and farther west the ever widening ocean where the Atlantic liners pass by.

It was late afternoon when we

returned to the village for tea. Then some of the villagers turned in and, sitting around the blazing turf fire, held *senachus* — storytelling — as is their custom. There were tales of the heroic times, of Fionn and Oscar and Ossian, of mermen and mermaids, tales of the "troubled times," and brave tales of their own unceasing struggle with the sea. And when the stories flagged, a young man reached for his fiddle and soon there were songs all round.

The painter was shouting "*Airis* (encore)" after a song when Muirish stood up. "Time to be moving off now," he said. "The light is going out of the day."

The setting sun had flung a pale carpet across the Sound from the Island quay to the quay at Dunquin, and reluctantly we followed Muirish for the trip back.

All this happened one day twenty golden years ago when the islanders seemed a vital community. But the sea and the stony soil, aided by emigration, have since mastered them and any day now the first of the remaining few are leaving for the mainland. Life on the Blaskets will be but a memory, to be awakened of nights around mainland turf-fires or to be recalled by the books of Peg Sayers, O'Sullivan, and of O'Crohan, who was originally induced to record the experiences of his Island life precisely because — as he so poignantly put it: "*Ni beidh ar leitheid sin ann aris* (Our like will not be there again)."

IT was many years ago that I heard Marian Anderson sing the great recitative and arioso from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own." This comes at the germinal moment when, journeying to Damascus, the Apostle hears the voice of the Lord and, *mit Zittern und Zagen*, is converted.

haps an act of ingratitude to mention them. Mendelssohn's genius roamed far from the baroque splendor of Bach's, but the gentle melodic patterns of his music were a weave of his own period and the Italian masters of the seventeenth century. *St. Paul* was performed fifty times in the eighteen months after it was



Sound on Disc



Since then, that combination of deep faith and pulsing voice has lived with me. I have often wondered whether this passage was a unique inspiration in a long score, or whether Mendelssohn sustained the challenge of his theme.

Now the answer lies easily at hand for those who wish to listen. Vox has issued a two-record album of the entire oratorio, by the Akademie Kammerchor and the Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna. There are, to be sure, some lagging passages in this beautifully sung and cleanly recorded performance. But these are minor — so minor that it is per-

published in the 1860's — and it ranks with the best in its genre. The promise of the arioso which I heard so long ago is fulfilled in its pages and in this, its first recording (Vox 8362).

The leap is great from Mendelssohn's religious expression to Kurt Weill's sardonic depiction in *Kleine Dreigroschenmusik* (a suite based on his *Three Penny Opera*) of the decadent and maudlin Germany of 1928. The corruption of the era and the self-conscious attempt to integrate the orgiastic aspects of jazz with the music hall ballads of Berlin make interest in this contrivance

more clinical than anything else. But Weill's undoubted talents break through, and with it the anguish which seized German intellectuals and sent them scurrying into the Communist movement. The sleeve blurb describes the music as charming; it isn't; it's vicious. Izler Solomon and the M-G-M Orchestra give it a good workout, but technically the recording lacks brilliance. (MGM E-3095.)

IF YOU like Borodin set to Broadway lyrics, the original-cast version of the hit, *Kismet*, is your meat. Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow sing with verve and color. But the words and music somehow do not blend. The score becomes commonplace when brought down to the level of Broadway rhymes and rhythms. And there is not enough spark to the words to carry them alone. Many were entranced by *Kismet* as spectacle. When reduced to revolving grooves, much of the enchantment is lost. (Columbia ML-4850.)

Somewhat in the Broadway mood is Shostakovich's *Concerto for Piano, Trumpet, and Strings*. I find it hard to take the eminent Soviet composer's works with too much seriousness. They are clever, dazzling in spots, full of moody cross currents. But to me they always sound like the product of a highly intelligent, talented and perceptive student. Menahem Pressler is an excellent pianist, and Harry Glantz plays a clean-toned trumpet. But they cannot make the

concerto get up and walk. (MGM E-3079.)

In a deluxe package, Capitol offers to the world something called *The Passions*. The 10-inch record comes in a plastic envelope which, along with a big descriptive booklet, is boxed. The work is an original composition by Les Baxter, described as "a powerful conception that plumbs the depths of human emotion. Here is a picture of woman's passion painted with strokes of shocking brilliance." For the recording enthusiast this is an interesting experiment—instruments and voice blended to be picked up by a full-range, high-fidelity microphone. But the composition falls far short of its build-up. (Capitol LAL-486.)

Also on the pretentious side is Jackie Gleason's *Tawny*, his score for a dance production. Like Gleason's other LP's, this is background music for gentle living room dalliance, with every ounce of sentimentality extracted from the sighing orchestra. (H-471.) Frank Sinatra's *Songs for Young Lovers* is also in the lights-out category—an aggregation of older tunes including "A Foggy Day" and the Rodgers & Hart; "Little Girl Blue." (H-488.)

As a change of pace, there is a selection of dance tunes made famous by the late and great Glenn Miller. Ray Anthony, a former sideman in Miller's band, swings into them with appropriate dash. (H-476.) These last three records are on the Capitol label. R. DE T.



SOVIETS

IN OUR BACK YARD

by
The Editors

➤ *The editors of the AMERICAN MERCURY recently completed an extensive survey of Communism in Central America. Herewith their findings. The situation in Central America is of tremendous importance to the safety and well-being of the United States, yet it is a subject which has received far too little attention from this country and the policymakers in Washington. We urge all of our readers to study this article intently.*

— THE EDITORS

THE Soviet conspiracy has made tremendous headway in its program in Central America, and unless current trends are quickly checked the Kremlin will soon dominate this entire area.

Once the Communists attain such domination, it will be virtually impossible to dislodge them without direct military intervention by the United States, followed by the military occupation of those countries for a prolonged period. And the prospects of direct intervention and occupation are themselves fraught with the gravest

diplomatic dangers to this country, both in its hemispheric and its international relations.

The Communists are so confident of success that their high command recently raised their operating procedure for this area from the social level to the political level.

Nevertheless, if the present trends continue, and the Communists gain control over this entire strategic area, it will be by the default of the United States Government.

The Department of State has failed to evaluate correctly the seriousness of



the situation, and appears almost unaware of the rapid progress being made by the Communist campaign. What policies it has adopted to meet the Communist challenge have been weak and vacillating in their essence, and frequently bungling and inept in their application.

Although we are fortunate in now having at least three competent and aggressive ambassadors in Central America (Hill in Costa Rica, Whelan in Nicaragua, and Peurifoy in Guatemala), too many of the diplomatic and military representatives that we have sent to this vital area in recent years have been unfit for their grave responsibilities. And our highly qualified men have been handcuffed by official policy, or what might be termed the lack of it.

As a result, U.S. prestige in this area is at an all-time low, at the one time in our history when we have most needed the assurance of strong, reliable allies next door to us.

Major investments in Guatemala are doomed, at least for the present. A similar situation is rapidly developing in Costa Rica, and the same pattern is certain to be followed in the other republics, as soon as political conditions are ripe.

Nevertheless, the situation is far from hopeless. With an intelligent and aggressive effort on our part, the entire area can be saved. Not only saved from Communism, but Central America can be quickly

developed into firm, valuable and reasonably strong friends of the United States, and into profitable outlets for private investment. *if our government acts immediately to correct its past mistakes, and to develop a decisive, long-range policy based on firmness, friendliness and mutual respect.*

The most tragic aspect of the policies the United States Government has followed in Central America is

that we not only have failed to use firmness in dealing with those governments and elements that are hostile to our legitimate national and

private interests, but we have consistently ignored and humiliated those governments and individuals who are our proven friends.

Worse, the Department of State has actively discouraged the efforts of the Central American governments to deal with the Communist menace themselves.

THREE friendly Central American republics, who have firmly suppressed Communist elements in their own countries, are now being squeezed in a Red political pincers movement; between Guatemala on one side, and Costa Rica on the other.

The Communists have complete control of Guatemala. They have a firm grip on President Arbenz, his cabinet, and the entire government machinery, including the legislature, the press, radio, and the educational



system. They control the Agrarian Reform Administration. They control labor unions and political parties. They dominate the leadership of the agrarian organizations, and have established six schools to indoctrinate younger and more intelligent *campesinos* in Communist ideology and tactics. They are making substantial progress in the army and police force. A few outright Communists have been moved into top army posts. Other army leaders have been "captured" by bribes and promotions. Unreliable officers are being exiled, retired, or shunted into unimportant positions. Some headway is being made in converting younger officers to Communism. However, there is still a substantial but apparently unorganized group in the army that is adamantly opposed to Communism.

Now, under the government of President Jose Figueres Ferrar, the same pattern is rapidly unfolding in Costa Rica which the Communists followed so successfully in Guatemala. Although Figueres vehemently denies (as did Arevalo and Arbenz) that he is a Communist and even insists he is anti-Communist, his chief political adviser and the power behind the throne is Romulo Betancourt, the exiled former President of Venezuela and a self-avowed Red. Ever since Figueres took oath of office, there has been a steady migration of skilled Communist agitators from Guatemala to Costa

Rica, where they are organizing labor unions among workers.

Figueres has already notified the United States Ambassador of his plans to nationalize the United States-owned electrical company. Although he insists, officially, that he does not intend to nationalize the United Fruit Company holdings, he is attempting to negotiate a new contract with the company which is close to being confiscatory. Moreover, he has privately assured his personal friends and many officials that this is simply the first step to total nationalization, which is his ultimate goal.

Ambassador Hill has repeatedly and vigorously informed Figueres that our government will not tolerate nationalization of United States investments, and there is some indication that, as a result of Mr. Hill's firm stand, Figueres may temporarily modify his tactics.

Nevertheless, President Somoza of Nicaragua, a shrewd and well-informed person on Latin American affairs, believes that if the situation is permitted to drift, the Red encirclement of Central America — including his own country — will be complete within 12 to 18 months.

In every country visited, local officials and businessmen asked how they could acquaint the United States Government, along with the United States public, with their proposals in dealing with the Communist menace and with their legitimate economic aspirations.

All classes in Central America feel very deeply that the United States Government and public have been so engrossed with the Kremlin's efforts to expand in the Far East, the Middle East, Western Europe, and Eastern Europe, that we have completely neglected the Communist encroachment in their own countries which are right next door to us.

Our friends down there feel that their own countries are in jeopardy, and that it is to the interest of the United States for its own security, to agree upon an effective method to check the spread of Communism in Latin America.

THE TWO bright spots in the dismal over-all picture presented in Central America are Panama and Nicaragua.

Both countries have strong, apparently efficient, and vigorously anti-Communist governments. Both are friendly to the United States, and have demonstrated that friendship time and again.

Both governments, however, are badly in need of a demonstration of friendship by our government towards them, in order to maintain their political prestige and to justify their pro-United States policies.

Such a demonstration has not been forthcoming. On the contrary, the policies of our Department of State, and in some instances the Department of Defense, toward Panama and Nicaragua have on some occasions come close to being openly

hostile. For some reason, there appears to be a feeling of antipathy in Washington towards President Remon of Panama, who not only has cracked down on the Communist agitators with all of the skill and vigor of the professional policeman which he is, but is also doing what even his opponents concede to be an excellent administrative job.

President Remon is undertaking two reforms that are quite revolutionary in Panamanian political history. For the first time he is undertaking an equitable collection of taxes. He is also stamping out a deeply entrenched system of graft which for years has permeated the Panamanian Government.

When Remon took over in Panama the government was behind almost two years in payment of its bills. He was even compelled to borrow a large sum from the United Fruit Company, against its future taxes, to keep the government's credit from collapsing. But by adhering rigidly to his new fiscal program, Remon within less than two years restored the government's credit, and it is now current in paying its bills.

President Remon has the full support of his country. Nevertheless, he is potentially in a tenuous situation.

His government is now engaged in negotiations with the United States in an effort to rectify several long-standing grievances.

Under the Treaty of 1903, the Panamanian Government receives a

remittance of \$250,000 per annum as rental for the railroad, the Canal, and the adjacent territory occupied by the United States under that Treaty. In 1934, this was raised to about \$450,000 annually, to offset the effects of our devaluation of the dollar.

However, Panamanians feel that the changed economic conditions over the past 50 years make this sum grossly inadequate.

President Remon is asking that the Treaty be revised and that the Panamanian Government receive a fee of five million dollars annually, which the Panamanians (and many United States residents in Panama) believe would be a fair portion of the fees earned by the Canal (about thirty million dollars annually).

THE OTHER adjustments sought by President Remon and now under negotiation in Washington concern the practices of the Panama Canal Company, a government-owned subsidiary of the Department of the Army. These practices, which are bitterly resented by Panamanians of all classes and which have provided the Communists with useful propaganda material, are:

1. The double wage standard under which the Panama Canal Company pays Panamanian employees about one-third of the wage paid to United States nationals doing identical work.

2. The refusal of the company to employ Panamanian nationals in any

but the lowest-paid jobs. This is partly due to the refusal of the AFL to admit Panamanians to their unions which have closed shop contracts with the company covering all skilled classifications. The company makes no effort to train Panamanians for minor administrative positions.

3. The huge volume of business done by the company's commissaries and the military post exchanges in the Canal Zone, which sell virtually all types of merchandise (luxuries as well as necessities) not only to residents of the Zone, but also to Panamanian employees, who shop there not only for their families and relatives, but also for their friends.

Panamanian officials and particularly their businessmen consider it ironic that a government which preaches so earnestly the virtues of private enterprise should subject their weak economy to the "ruthless competition" of a vast government-owned and government-subsidized merchandising system.

President Remon said he personally discussed all of these matters with President Eisenhower during his recent visit to Washington, and that President Eisenhower was amazed to learn of these practices, felt that the requests of the Panamanian Government were justified, and gave his personal assurance that a more equitable arrangement would be worked out.

However, we were advised by a

responsible official that the latest unofficial report from Washington indicates that none of the Panamanian requests will be granted.

If this report is correct, it will seriously impair President Remon's prestige and make it extremely difficult for him to maintain popular support for his friendly attitude toward the United States.

Another factor which seriously jeopardizes our relations with Panama is the arrogant attitude of the Governor of the Canal Zone and the officials of the company in their dealings with the Panamanian Government. The Panamanian officials complain that they are treated like colonial subjects in their discussions with the Governor and the Company. Their complaints are substantiated by informed United States residents there and also by members of the Embassy staff who say that they have much more difficulty in dealing with the Zone and our military officials than they have with the Panamanian Government.

United States residents in Panama, even including officials of our Government, believe that the United States, in its dealings with the Panamanian Government and people, is guilty of the same short-sighted practices which have proven so costly to the British in the Suez and Iran. They point out that as early as 1947, the Department of State urged the British Government to undertake in Iran and in Egypt many of the reforms which Presi-

dent Remon of Panama is now asking the United States to adopt.

TO A lesser extent, similar conditions exist in Nicaragua. Our Ambassador, Mr. Whelan, and all of the members of his staff, have the highest respect and admiration for President Somoza. They feel he has achieved an economic miracle. When he assumed control, Nicaragua was a one-crop country.

During President Somoza's regime, he has opened up hundreds of thousands of acres of new agricultural land and has diversified the economy. Nicaragua now exports, in addition to coffee, substantial volumes of cotton, sugar, vegetable oils, cattle, cereals and other agricultural commodities.

The government's credit rating, once one of the worst in the world, is now among the best.

The Ambassador also assured us that President Somoza's government has maintained the friendliest attitude toward the United States. He has yet to make a request to President Somoza that has not been granted. Nevertheless, the officials at our Embassy in Managua are obliged to reject request after request of the Nicaraguan Government, even though they regard many of the requests as reasonable and thoroughly justified.

President Somoza would like to receive a modest amount from the United States to improve the sanitary facilities and highway system.

He has also sought the support of our government for a program to standardize military equipment of the friendly Central American and Caribbean republics. He wants us to supply those governments with a limited amount of modern military equipment, sufficient for training purposes.

THE President believes that a full-scale clash between the United States and the Soviet Union is a strong possibility, and he feels that the Central American and Caribbean republics should be permitted to play their proper role in the conflict. If military equipment throughout the area is standardized and their troops are trained in the use of modern weapons, he feels that those countries could quickly develop a defense program adequate to protect themselves, and, perhaps, to supply us with additional forces for offensive action.

However, Somoza points out that the Department of State will not permit any of those countries to purchase military equipment in the United States. As a result, some buy their arms from Italy, others from France, some from Czechoslovakia (via Israel), and other European sources. As a result, each republic has different-type weapons and requires different-type ammunition. In the event of war, their weapons would be useless since the United States would be unable to supply them with the proper ammunition.

President Somoza is very anxious to attract American private capital, as is President Remon in Panama. Remon has even asked the United Fruit Company to investigate the possibility of growing bananas in an undeveloped section of the country near the Colombian border. It is certainly an unusual experience, during recent years, for the United Fruit Company to be asked to start taking on new concessions.

Somoza, however, feels that he will have little success in attracting United States investments to Nicaragua as long as the Communist situation throughout Central America remains so menacing.

The unfriendly attitude of Washington toward Remon and Somoza undoubtedly stems from the fact that they are regarded by our zealots as "dictators."

President Remon was elected in a completely free election by an overwhelming majority. His policies have won strong support even from the opposition parties. He has made no attempt to suppress criticism or opposition.

Somoza permits a vigorous and highly critical opposition press to operate without molestation. He has taken several members of the opposition party into his cabinet. He also holds office as the result of an overwhelming victory, in a free election.

The inescapable conclusion to be drawn in Panama and Nicaragua is that the two governments who have maintained the friendliest attitude

toward the United States have received in turn the most hostile treatment given any country outside the Iron Curtain.

IN EVERY country except El Salvador, the greatest emphasis was placed by the local governments and our Embassy officials on the need for highways. All of these countries have agricultural economies. They have extremely low living standards. And all of them have tremendous areas of rich agricultural lands which cannot be utilized because of the lack of transportation.

Ambassador Whelan, a plain dirt farmer from North Dakota, believes that a very small amount of assistance from the United States in developing a highway system throughout Central America and Panama would have a tremendous effect on the economies and living standards in those countries.

The low living standards throughout Central America supply the Communist agitators with their most useful weapon. While the Communists draw their most useful recruits and their local leaders from the "intellectuals," the bulk of their popular support comes from the laborers and the *campesinos*.

Thus, due to the firm stand of Somoza and Remon, Communists, at the moment, are making little headway in Panama and Nicaragua. However, they are rapidly increasing their efforts in Honduras and El Salvador. President Somoza is con-

cerned at the situation now developing in Honduras. President Galvez, who is vigorously opposed to Communism, is not a candidate for reelection next year. Somoza believes that the outstanding candidate is Tiburcio Carias, former President and close friend of Galvez. Somoza says Carias is an able man, strongly opposed to Communism, and a good friend of the United States. However, Carias is quite old and it is doubtful that he has the energy and strength necessary to meet the serious situations which are developing in Honduras.

Although the government of President Osario appears firmly entrenched in El Salvador and it is vigorously combating Communist agitation, Red organizers and agitators stream back and forth across the Guatemalan border daily.

It is apparent that Ambassador Hill's instructions in Costa Rica are to follow the same identical policies which failed so dismally in Guatemala. As was former Ambassador Schoenfeld in Guatemala, Mr. Hill obviously is under instructions to avoid any public friction with Figueres' government and to make every effort to win the personal friendship and confidence of Figueres himself.

It was obvious in conversations with Remon and Somoza, that they could not help notice the difference in the attitude of our Department of State toward such unfriendly countries as Guatemala, Costa Rica,

and Bolivia, and the treatment it reserved for themselves.

Surely, other Latin American governments must be noticing these differences. And sooner or later, most of these governments will conclude that the best way to get friendly treatment from the United States is to kick us around.

IT IS OBVIOUS that a reappraisal of the entire situation in Central America and Panama must be made at the top level in the State Department.

It is imperative that, on the basis of this new appraisal, a firm, realistic, and long-range policy be devised for the entire area. Both the reappraisal and the policy should be subject to review and approval of the White House and the leaders of both Houses of Congress.

It seems reasonable that the basis of the new policy should be a display of firmness in dealing with those governments and individuals who are hostile to our legitimate interests, and a display of cordiality to those governments and individuals who are friendly towards us.

The personnel of all ranks in our diplomatic and military missions, from ambassadors and generals down to clerks and privates, should be re-examined, and all individuals who are unqualified for their responsibilities, or who are temperamentally unfitted for dealing with Latin Americans, should be quickly replaced by men of the highest caliber.

While the basic policy must be adhered to, it should be sufficiently flexible to enable our diplomatic representatives to exercise some judgment in local situations.

A modest, long-range program to assist the friendly governments in this area, in their efforts to improve their highway and sanitation systems, would seem a sound way of displaying our friendship to them. If we were to allocate to this entire area, over a five-year period, for highway construction, the 60 million dollars in aid we are giving to Israel annually, we would enable these countries to develop millions of acres of untouched agricultural land, and to exploit hitherto inaccessible mineral deposits. We not only would strengthen their economies, but we very probably would discover new sources of scarce materials needed by our own industries, as well as open up new and important markets for the United States.

The Point Four program in this area should be carefully reviewed, and the unrealistic, "boondoggling" projects eliminated.

We should give every encouragement and support to the friendly governments in this area to coordinate their military defenses; certainly we should not discourage it.

Most important of all, we should give every reasonable support, both officially and unofficially, to the efforts of the friendly governments to combat the Communist menace.

SOMOZA ♦ ♦ ♦

♦ ♦ ♦ of Nicaragua

OF ALL the chiefs of state in the world today, the one who is the most friendly to the United States of America, one who has demonstrated his friendliness by actions as well as by words, is Anastasio Somoza, President of the Republic of Nicaragua.

No government cooperated more wholeheartedly during the war than did that of Somoza in Nicaragua. And no government has cooperated with us more firmly in the diplomatic wrangles of the Cold War period.

A typical illustration of Somoza's wartime attitude was recited by a former Air Force officer who, back in 1942, was instructed to grab a plane to Nicaragua and see if he could negotiate permission for the United States to build an air base in that territory. Since such negotiations are complicated, lengthy matters, he was ordered to pack for a stay of several weeks.

When the officer's plane landed at

By
PATRICK
McMAHON

the Managua airfield, he was whisked by private car to the Presidential Palace and, to his surprise, immediately received by Somoza himself. The officer, who was selected for the job because of his excellent command of Spanish, addressed the President in his own tongue. He talked less than ten minutes when Somoza interrupted him and in perfect English, with only the slightest trace of accent, said:

"The United States wants to build air bases in Nicaragua? But, of course. Just tell me what you need. You shall have it."

And less than two hours after he had landed in Nicaragua, the dazed officer was back in his plane, with a treaty in his pocket that was virtually a *carte blanche*.

The Nicaraguan Ambassador to Washington, Doctor Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa, tells another story which is equally illustrative of Somoza's postwar attitude toward the



United States. Don Guillerme has represented his country at more than fifty international conferences, including all major meetings of the United Nations and the Organization of American States during the past ten years. During eight of these years Somoza was President of Nicaragua. Before each conference, according to diplomatic custom, he asks his government for instructions.

"And each time the same reply comes back, signed by the President," the Ambassador says.

"Even the words are the same. Just one short sentence. 'Cooperate fully with the delegation of the United States of America.'"

As a result, Nicaragua is the only country in the world today that has supported the United States on every single dispute, at every international assembly.

This has meant much more to this country than just a single supporting vote from a tiny neighboring republic. On numerous occasions the Soviet Union, Britain, and even the Arab states have sought the support of the Latin American bloc in opposition to certain U.S. policies. And the firm support our policies have received from Ambassador Sevilla-Sacasa in the private consultations of the Latin American diplomats has had an invaluable effect in winning solid hemispheric support for the U.S. position.

But curiously, and ironically, So-

moza's warm display of friendship to the United States has not always been returned in kind. From the time he first became President in 1937, he has been the target of unrelenting attack by an influential group of U.S. journalists who are more interested in jamming their own particular brand of ideology down the throats of other nations than in reporting facts to their own readers.

AND THEIR prejudices have been consistently reflected in the attitudes of a powerful group of policy-making officials in the Departments of State and Defense in dealing with the Nicaraguan government. As one U.S. diplomat remarked:

"We have not made one single request of the Nicaraguan government that has been turned down. On the other hand, we in return have not only refused to give them the small amount of military assistance they have requested, but our Department of State will not even allow them to buy arms in the United States — with their own money.

"Also, Nicaragua desperately needs more and better highways to continue its economic improvement. A modest, well-planned highway program in Central America, financed jointly by the U.S. and the local governments, would have



a tremendous economic effect on the entire region, and strengthen it immeasurably against Communist infiltration. It would cost us less over a four- or five-year period than we spend in a single year in economic aid to Israel, 8,000 miles away. Yet the total amount of assistance we have given all of Central America and Panama, since the end of the war, has been less than that which we gave the little city of Trieste."

But what Somoza wants and needs most desperately — and has not received — is a firm U.S. policy toward the Communist conspiracy that already has firm control in Guatemala, dominance in Costa Rica, and which threatens to engulf all Central America. Failing this, he would like at least a free hand for his own government — and the friendly governments of Panama, El Salvador and Honduras — to deal with the menace in their own way without interference from Washington. Even this has not been granted.

THE REASON for our peculiar official attitude toward Somoza is not too hard to find. "Tacho," as he is known to his countrymen, is believed by our devout "ideologists" to be a dictator. He is said to have seized power twenty years ago by undemocratic means. He has suppressed democratic forces in Nicaragua, ruthlessly, they charge. He has looted the public treasury to enrich himself. He has used the force

of his government to ruin his business competitors. Those are the charges so freely aired in the U.S. press against "Tacho" Somoza, and which account for the unfriendly attitude by our government to the country that has consistently supported us, in peace as well as in war.

This reporter, in a brief, recent visit to Nicaragua, does not pretend to have come up with the entire answer, or to have learned the entire truth about "Tacho" Somoza. But he did learn some very obvious facts which somehow seem to have escaped the attention of many of the journalists who visit there, as well as many of our officials in Washington. Facts which warrant considerable attention in judging the man and the country who have been so friendly to us.

Fact No. 1: There are fewer soldiers and police — the inevitable trappings of the true dictatorship — in Managua than in any other capital he ever visited, including Washington, D. C.

Fact No. 2: Somoza has brought peace and political stability to a country that for nearly half a century knew nothing but constant, bloody, political turmoil. The continuous warring of opposing factions for power had been so vicious that twice within twenty-five years we had to send the Marines to Nicaragua and occupy the country to stop the bloodshed and restore a semblance of order.

Fact No. 3: This alleged dictator

was recently elected to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority in what U.S. residents there describe as "a freer election than many of our own, back home."

Fact No. 4: "Tacho" Somoza permits a vigorous opposition press to operate, without molestation, and to criticize his government freely.

Fact No. 5: Several members of the opposition party occupy seats in Somoza's cabinet.

Fact No. 6: During the past several years, only five men in Nicaragua have been jailed for political reasons — and these were Communists.

And Somoza's method of dealing with them provides an excellent object lesson to those interested in effective ways of handling Communists. For all the while these Communist leaders were in jail, two days each week they were escorted under armed guard to their places of employment and forced to earn enough money to support their families. "Why should our government have to support the families of those traitors?" Somoza asks, reasonably enough. The story quickly went the rounds of all classes in Nicaragua, as it appealed to the keen Latin appreciation for irony. And when the Communist leaders were finally released from jail, they found to their intense chagrin that instead of being the "martyrs of the working class," as they had so fondly imagined, they had become the laughing-stock of all Nicaragua.

Probably the most effective way that has yet been found to deal with Communism is ridicule like this.

Fact No. 7: While it is true that Somoza has become a very wealthy man, even his more temperate critics agree that he has done so by risking his own, personal money in investments that were regarded as so speculative that most Nicaraguans would not touch them.

Fact No. 8: And while Somoza's investments have greatly enriched Somoza, they have also enriched all Nicaragua. He has pioneered new agricultural enterprises and methods, started new small industries, opened many lines of new business. He not only has given employment to thousands, but he has set an example for other Nicaraguan farmers and businessmen which has had a beneficial effect on the entire economy.

Fact No. 9: During the eighteen years since Somoza first became President, and particularly during the past four years, his government has achieved what U.S. Ambassador Thomas E. Whelan calls an "economic miracle." Twenty years ago when the Marines left Nicaragua, the country's entire holding of gold and foreign exchange was less than \$400,000. Today it is nearly \$30 million. As recently as 1940, the country's exports totaled only \$3.7 million; its imports, \$7 million. In 1952 its exports were \$42 million, its imports, \$39 million, and both are still increasing. Once a one-crop coun-

try — coffee — Nicaragua's agriculture has been expanded and diversified under Somoza, and it now exports, in addition to coffee, large amounts of cotton, cattle, sugar, cereals, and sesame seeds. As a result, the living standards, although still very modest, have risen from among the lowest in the world to among the highest in Central America. Nicaragua's credit rating, which up to a few years ago was virtually nonexistent, is now among the highest of any government in the world.

Fact No. 10: Unlike many governments in Latin America which are making every effort to kick private U.S. capital out of their countries, Somoza is anxious to attract it. He has a strong admiration for U.S. business methods, and particularly our technical ability. He, himself, obtained his business training in the United States. His two sons were educated here: Tachito at West Point; Luis at the University of California. (In fact, Somoza met his wife while he was living in Philadelphia.) Somoza not only wants to attract U.S. private capital, but he would like to have American farmers, engineers, technicians and businessmen come to Nicaragua and settle, and help him develop the country.

THOSE are just a few of the obvious *facts* about Somoza's government. There is one other which

should be mentioned and which, to this writer, seems the most important of all.

Partly as a reflection of Somoza's personal feeling and partly as a result of the unceasing efforts of our popular Ambassador Whelan, the friendliness toward the United States has percolated through all classes of Nicaraguans.

One of the most pleasant experiences I have ever had in a foreign country was a ride with Ambassador Whelan from Managua to the Pacific Coast through rich agricultural lands, over narrow mountain trails, and through tangled jungle. Along the way we passed hundreds of farmers and farm laborers, plus gangs of engineers, surveyors and workmen engaged in building a new highway. And almost without exception, when those people spotted the American flag on the Embassy car, they smiled broadly at us, waved, and shouted something about "El Embajador Americano."

There's practically no place left in the world today where the sight of the American flag, or the American Ambassador, evokes such a warm response.

Perhaps that is the most important thing that our officials in Washington might consider in shaping their policies toward the friendly little neighboring republic of Nicaragua and its president, "Tacho" Somoza.



TACTICS *of the* COMMUNIST OFFENSIVE in Latin America

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

COMMUNISTS frequently, although not always, telegraph their punches, or, in the well-known words of Marx and Engels, "the Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims."

In the matter before us, the Communists have been disdainful. With respect to Latin America, the highest authorities in the Communist world have made their views and aims crystal clear.

Writing in *Political Affairs*, the official organ of his party, William Z. Foster, head of the Communist Party in the United States, last summer ordered a closer collaboration between his American agents and the Communist parties of Latin America.

Foster went so far as to reveal in

broad outlines the tactics to be employed in the Communist offensive in Latin America. "The perspective," he wrote, "is definitely for a further stepping up of the national liberation and peace movements of Latin America."

"Our party," Foster continued (referring to the Communist Party of the United States), "must realize what is happening in Latin America and fall into step with the vital mass movement which is there taking place."

William Z. Foster, let it be noted, writes and speaks in the strictest conformity with the "party line" as it is laid down in Moscow, never deviating a hair's breadth from his master in the Kremlin (currently one Malenkov). The Kremlin's

acoustics are perfect; and Foster, like his American predecessors, is a mere echo.

Last year, for example, *Pravda*, the Kremlin's official newspaper published in Moscow, praised the Communist-dominated government of Guatemala for its "progressive measures," including the expropriation of thousands of acres belonging to the United Fruit Company. *Pravda* excoriated "American imperialism" and declared that "Guatemala, notwithstanding its smallness, realizes its strength, realizes that *it is not alone*." [*Italics mine.*] On the side of Guatemala, said *Pravda*, are "the growing forces of the warriors for democracy and peace."

Radio Moscow beamed a Spanish translation of *Pravda's* words throughout Latin America. William Z. Foster's words were likewise disseminated throughout that part of the Western Hemisphere which lies to the south of the United States.

Pravda was right: Guatemala is a Communist stronghold; and it is not alone. The whole Communist world movement, with its vast resources and its highly developed tactics, is *one* with Guatemala.

INSTANTLY, the question arises or ought to arise: what are the tactics by which a distant Kremlin exercises such complete control over the lives and fortunes of a people who live at the heart of the Western Hemisphere? Let us seek the answer to that question.

1) A Disciplined Minority:

Communists do not seize power by majority vote in free elections in any country. They never have and they never will. It was not that way in Russia; it was not that way in China, nor in Guatemala.

The number of Communist Party members in Guatemala is unbelievably small. Less than one thousand in a total population of some three million is the recent estimate of a subcommittee of the United States Senate; but that one thousand is a highly disciplined minority.

2) The Soviet Fatherland:

Communists of all lands are carefully indoctrinated with the idea that the Soviet Union is the fatherland of the world proletariat. This makes for an otherwise unaccountable loyalty to the Kremlin, a loyalty which takes precedence over all other loyalties.

Moscow's grip on Guatemala is illustrated by the fact that its congress paid silent tribute to Joseph Stalin for one minute when his death was announced last year. Guatemala's congress was the only legislative body this side of the Iron Curtain which thus honored the Soviet dictator.

3) Perpetual Crises:

Dictators rule by keeping their puppets in a state of perpetual crisis, real or imagined. The objective of the Communists is to create crises which can be exploited

to the advantage of the Soviet Union and to the disadvantage of the United States.

The Communists' ultimate aim in Latin America is to disrupt the local economies to a point where political and social chaos enable them to seize absolute power.

4) Fake Peace Movements:

Ever since the beginning of the Cold War, the Kremlin has been flooding the world with fake peace propaganda.

Numberless peace congresses have been held at the direct instigation and under the rigid control of Moscow. Those of Paris, Warsaw, Stockholm, Peking, New York City, and Guatemala City come to mind. Delegates from small countries are sent half way around the earth to attend these peace congresses, all expenses paid from the treasuries of the Communist parties and their front organizations. Naturally, these delegates are flattered by this extraordinary attention.

The unvarying objective of these peace congresses and their peace petitions is to inculcate the belief that the Soviet Union is the world's foremost champion of peace and that the United States, conversely, is the world's war-mongering power ready to drop H-bombs on millions of women and children. There is hardly any doubt that this tactic has been successful with many people throughout Latin America, and particularly in Guatemala.

5) Control the Chief Executive:

In Guatemala, both President Arevalo and President Arbenz have left little undone which could aid the Communists in their country. While both men have disavowed all Communist leanings, it is clear that they have been brought under the effective control of the handful of Guatemalan Communists.

A non-Communist chief executive who is willing to be a tool of the Communist leaders often suits the purposes of the Kremlin far better than an outright Communist.

6) Smear Opposition Candidates and Executives:

When an anti-Communist candidate seems likely to be elected, the Communists overlook no means of vilification in order to defeat him.

Any anti-Communist candidate who is successful at the polls becomes the target of a smear campaign organized with almost unbelievable thoroughness. President Remon of Panama and President Somoza of Nicaragua are examples. Although both were chosen in free elections by overwhelming majorities, they have been smeared in the United States and throughout Latin America as "dictators." The world-wide campaign of character assassination directed against Chiang Kai-shek for years is, of course, the classic example of this tactic of the Communists.

7) Murder Goes, Too:

Murder is not too extreme a

measure for the Communists. Colonel Francisco Javier Arana, an avowed Communist-hater who was known throughout Guatemala as the candidate most likely to succeed Arevalo, was ambushed and assassinated in the summer of 1949. Although the assassins were identified by Arana's chauffeur, no one was arrested. Instead, Arevalo rewarded them with positions of power.

8) Communists "Behind the Throne":

Whenever possible, Communists are placed close to political leaders as advisers. Figueres, the newly elected President of Costa Rica, is the most recent example of the successful use of this tactic by the Communists. Although Figueres vehemently insists that he is anti-Communist, his chief political adviser and the power behind the throne is Romulo Betancourt, the exiled former President of Venezuela and a self-avowed Red.

9) Make Anti-Communism Subversive:

Ruthlessness is one of the keys to Communist success, as we have seen in the assassination of Col. Arana. Sometimes only threats of violence are necessary to silence enemies of the Kremlin. In other cases, foes of Communism are exiled or arrested and thrown in jail. In Guatemala, where it is considered subversive to be anti-Communist, this is easy. It has been done quite recently.

10) Capture the Army:

In Guatemala, the Communists are making substantial inroads in the army despite the fact that many of the officers and men are strongly anti-Communist. The successful tactics include moving outright Communists into top army posts, winning the cooperation of other army leaders by bribes and promotions, reducing the number and power of unfriendly officers by retiring, exiling, or shunting them into unimportant positions, and converting some of the susceptible officers to Communism.

Evidence of their success is found in the efficient way in which the Guatemalan army and police have quelled anti-Communist demonstrations recently.

11) Building Bases for Foreign Operations:

Once a country like Guatemala comes under the domination of Communists, official or otherwise, it becomes a base for the spread of Communism to other countries. Diplomatic channels become conduits of subversion. More than one Guatemalan ambassador has been sent home because of his pro-Communist activities.

For several years, President Somoza of Nicaragua refused to have diplomatic relations with the government of Arevalo because he found that Red agitators were moving into his country using the protection of official Guatemalan passports.

The Government of El Salvador keeps close vigil on the movements of Guatemalans across its frontier. Several Guatemalan congressmen with quantities of Communist propaganda have been arrested, detained for several days, and then sent back across the border to their own country.

Now that Figueres is making Costa Rica soft toward Communism, Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Honduras, which until now have firmly suppressed Communist elements within their countries, are being squeezed in a Red political vise between a stepped-up campaign of infiltration from Guatemala on the one side and Costa Rica on the other.

12) Asylum for Communist

Exiles:

Soon after Arevalo's election, he appointed known Communists to high government posts. Arbenz followed his lead. Further, both have harbored many international Communists in Guatemala, giving them lucrative jobs or placing them on the payroll without their having to work.

Pablo Neruda, the well-known Chilean Communist and poet, was the official guest of the Arevalo government. Neruda has received the Stalin Peace Prize and other honors from the Kremlin and is now editor of a Communist Party newspaper, *El Siglo*, in Chile.

A Chilean Communist woman, Virginia Bravo, was appointed as

head of the Cultural Mission for Rural Schools in Guatemala. For a time she served as social secretary and Marxist indoctrinator for Mrs. Arbenz, wife of the Guatemalan president.

The list of Communists from Europe as well as from other parts of Latin America, who have been given a chance to carry on their nefarious activities in Guatemala while being supported by the government, is too long to name.

13) Stop Anti-Communism:

When the newly formed Organization of Central American States took a stand against Communism, Guatemala cancelled a meeting of the organization which was scheduled to be held in Guatemala and withdrew from the organization. The Communists throughout Latin America then launched a smear campaign against Foreign Minister Roberto Canessa of El Salvador who had proposed an anti-Communist resolution for the Guatemala meeting; and threats were made against his life.

14) Divide and Conquer:

In 1947 the Communists in Panama won a tremendous victory when their student and teacher members inspired riots and demonstrations in a campaign to drive United States troops from defense bases in Panama. The Communist Party files captured by the Secret Police gave documentary proof of the Commu-

nists' direction of this campaign.

A pact between the United States and Panama was signed early in December 1947. When the pact was sent to the National Assembly for ratification, telegrams and cables by the thousand poured into the Assembly demanding the repudiation of the pact. The cables were from Communist-dominated students' federations in Guatemala, Peru, Mexico, Cuba, Ecuador, and Chile, but the congressmen did not know that. Panamanian students 10,000 strong, mobilized by the Communists, marched on the Assembly and demanded the scuttling of the pact. It was repudiated; and American troops were immediately withdrawn from the bases in Panama.

15) Control Labor Unions:

One of the basic tactics of the Communists everywhere is to organize, infiltrate, browbeat or, by any other means, to control labor. Latin America is no exception. The success of the Communists there can be traced back many years to the patient cultivation of a radical labor movement. Much of the credit (if it can be called that) belongs to Vicente Lombardo Toledano, a Mexican Marxist who now heads the powerful CTAL (Confederation of Latin American Workers), an affiliate of the Moscow-ruled World Federation of Trade Unions.

16) The Big Lie:

When Guatemala's Foreign Min-

ister Manuel Galich attended the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Washington in the spring of 1951, he signed an anti-Communist resolution, although he was a member of a Party cell when it operated in Guatemala City in 1946. Shortly after he returned to Guatemala he issued a press statement making his position clear. He assured the Guatemalan Communists they "could remain at ease." This was followed by double-talk rationalizing his inconsistency.

Subterfuge was the order of the day also in May, 1952, when the Communist Party held a peace congress in Guatemala City. As bait for Catholics, publicity was released saying that the Church would celebrate Mass in the cathedral in support of the congress. This was publicly branded as a lie by Archbishop Mariano Rossell Arellano.

17) A Law unto the Law-Makers:

Although Communists hold only four out of 56 seats in Congress, their political leverage by means of the Guatemalan labor unions is such that the Congress often heeds the voice of Moscow. Its president is Leonardo Castillo Flores, Secretary General of the National Confederation of Peasants and a friend of the Communist Party.

In March, 1952, anti-Communists petitioned the Congress to outlaw the Communist Party in accordance with the constitutional provision against foreign-controlled political

parties. An unsympathetic congress shelved the petition. Only a few months later, twenty members of the congress signed a resolution pledging their solidarity with the North Korean army in its battle against the troops of the Republic of Korea and the United Nations.

Without doubt, however, the congress' greatest services to the Kremlin have been in connection with agrarian reform.

18) Luring the Peasants:

The weekly Cominform newspaper *For a Lasting Peace, For a Peoples' Democracy*, which is published in Rumania, applauded the passage of the Guatemalan Agrarian Reform Law in June 1952 and said: "The Guatemalan Communist Party has been and will be at the head of the democratic forces that fight for the Agrarian Reform."

In Guatemala as much as in China, there is no doubt that agrarian reform is a Communist device for gaining control of the country. The Agrarian Reform Committee of Congress which supervised the writing of the Law in Guatemala was comprised, for the most part, of Communists. The Chairman was Victor Manuel Gutierrez who was rewarded by the Kremlin with a trip to Soviet Russia for his feat in unifying all Guatemalan labor unions into the CGTG (General Confederation of Guatemalan Workers). His labor triumph made possible the agrarian reform.

The Agrarian Reform Law not only achieves the Communist objectives of driving United States investors out of the country and of creating economic chaos and hence lowering the standard of living of the population; it hands over the economy of the country to the Communists, lock, stock, and barrel. The National Agrarian Department was until recently headed by Alfonso H. Martinez, identified by Arana's chauffeur as one of his assassins. He was appointed by President Arbenz. Three of the five members of the Department are nominated by the Communist-controlled National Confederation of Peasants. They are in a beautiful position to reward their friends and punish their enemies.

19) Packing the Supreme Court:

One of the prices which the Guatemalans are paying for the Communists' plum of agrarian reform is the loss of their constitutionally guaranteed freedoms.

President Arbenz signed Decree 900 stipulating that there was to be no appeal against a presidential decision in agrarian reform cases. Asked to rule on a challenge to the Decree, the Supreme Court of Guatemala unanimously decided that the Arbenz decree violated Articles 21, 50, 51, and 172 of the Constitution which guarantee citizens the right of appeal when their rights are infringed.

Arbenz asked the congress to im-

peach the members of the Supreme Court. Congress did so; and a few days later the recalcitrant justices were replaced with Party liners who immediately reversed the earlier decision of the court. Citizens now have no recourse from presidential edicts on all agrarian matters.

When anti-Communists demonstrated against this abrogation of their constitutional guarantees of freedom, federal troops used force to suppress their protests.

The people of Guatemala are behind the Iron Curtain.

20) News That's Fit to Print:

The unceasing themes of Communist-controlled vehicles of propaganda in Latin America are "Hate the United States" and "Love the Soviet Union." As one Communist said, "Our newspaper *Octubre*, the voice of the workers and the people, has shown clearly the advances made and the privileges gained in the Peoples' Republics under the guidance of the invincible Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

Day in and day out, the controlled press and radio rant against the "Yanqui Imperialists" and the "Colossus of the North." Drawing upon national pride, Moscow's agents convert the stings of poverty and injustice into vituperative hatred for the United States and particularly for U.S. investors.

The propaganda is carried on quite openly in Guatemala where government motion picture censors

ban "The Red Menace" and promote for public showing and in the schools a Soviet picture accusing the United States of employing germ warfare in Korea. In contrast, Panama put a Communist in jail for smuggling a film on germ warfare into the country.

CENTRAL AMERICA and the Caribbean countries bear the brunt of Communist attack in Latin America because of their proximity to our border and because of the military importance of the Panama Canal and the Caribbean area.

In the event of war with the Soviet Union, control of the Caribbean would be of decisive importance. This was demonstrated in World War II when enemy submarines threatened the continued supply of metals and oil from Latin America necessary to the defense of the United States. With bases in the Caribbean, Russia's large submarine fleet could inflict severe damage upon the United States without touching our shores or bombing our cities.

Because public attention has been focussed on Communist maneuvers in Europe, the Middle East, China, and Korea, few Americans realize the extent of Communist penetration of our Southern sister republics.

The Kremlin's successes, particularly in Central America and the Caribbean, are spectacular. They promise immeasurable trouble for the future and serious problems now.